

IS THE U.S. TALKING ITSELF INTO HOT WAR?

BY IAN SCLANDERS

COVER BY REX WOODS

Beverley Baxter's
last London Letter

CF: the child-killer
that's barely known

MACLEAN'S

JULY 30, 1960

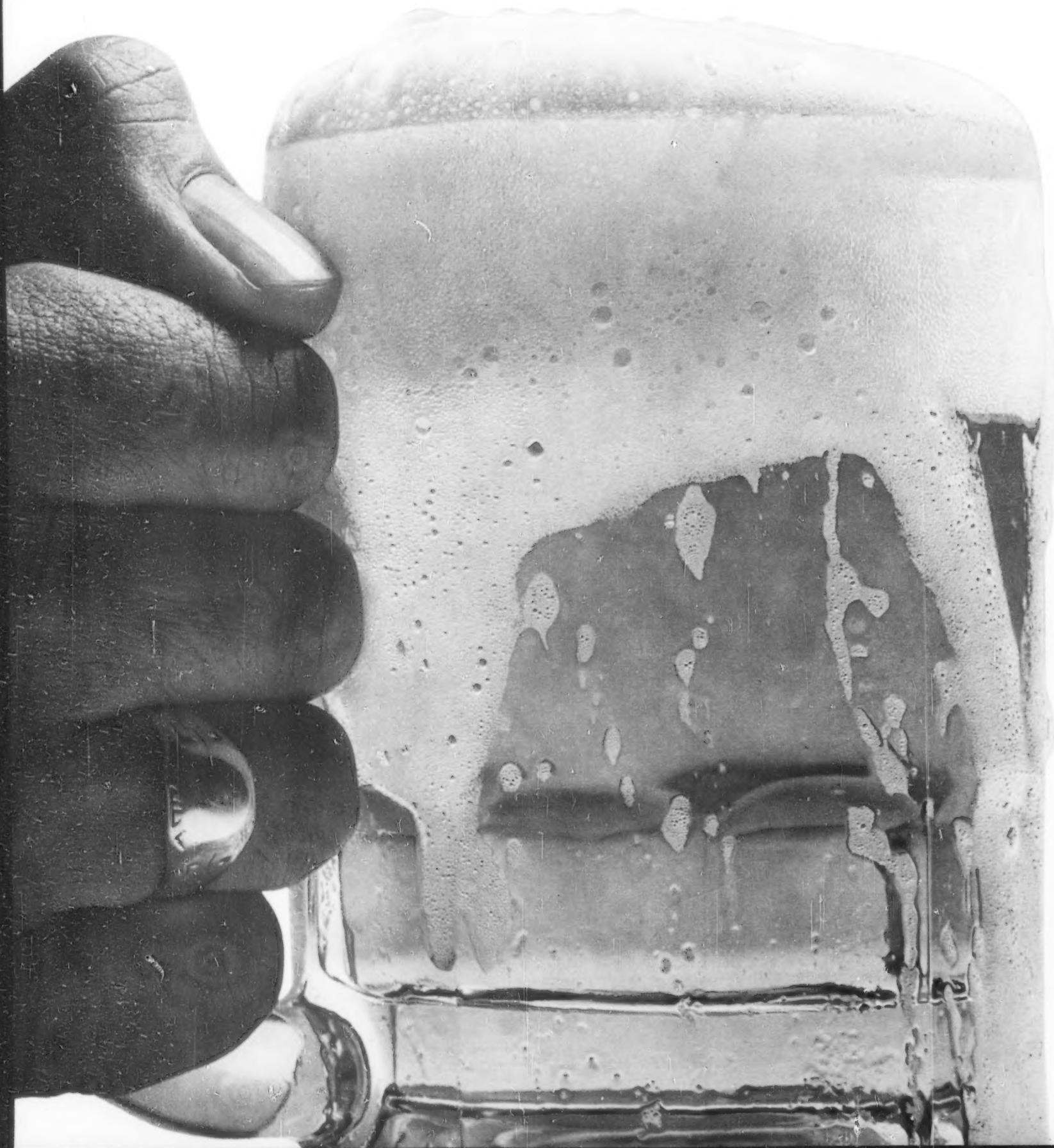
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



O'Keefe Ale

...modern in mood—perfectly brewed!



Will any of the fallout-shelter boosters build one?

LAST MONTH, when the West was still suffering from acute post-summit jitters, Ottawa's Emergency Measures Organization (formerly Civil Defense) issued do-it-yourself booklet called Your Basement Fallout Shelter. Four days later, an EMO spokesman reported 3,000 requests for copies — a "pretty tremendous" response.

Will Canadians use the booklet to build that many basement shelters (which will cost \$300 to \$400 if homemade, about \$700 if built professionally)? To find out, Maclean's interviewed community leaders in nine cities across Canada. We also checked to see if there'll be shelters in the homes of such men as Defense Minister Pearkes, chairman of the cabinet committee that directs the EMO, and Prime Minister Diefenbaker, who wrote a preface recommending the shelter.

The PM isn't getting a shelter in his official residence, and Pearkes can't build one — he lives in an apartment. None of the other nine cabinet ministers questioned was definitely planning a home shelter either, and only two were even considering them. The one dissenter Maclean's found in the cabinet was the clerk of the privy council, R. B. Bryce. He considers a shelter "good fallout insurance." Opposition leader Lester Pearson has "no plans at present" for a home shelter, nor has Hazen Argue, CCF House leader, who complained: "I can't pay for my shelter *above* ground — how can I pay for one *below*?"

Argue's argument was echoed across the land by many community leaders — including some who endorse shelters in principle. Of six mayors and reeves in the Vancouver area, only Mayor Beth Wood of New Westminster has any definite intention of building a shelter. But she'll fix up something of her own,

in a cheaper design. In Winnipeg, Mayor Stephen Juba called the shelter idea "really a joke," and a predecessor, George Sharpe, now president of the local chamber of commerce, asked: "Are the cement people mixed up in this?"

Even some civil-defense leaders who hope the booklet will inspire householders to start lugging concrete blocks down cellar admitted they might not get around to it themselves. "We've advocated a policy of shelters for the last eight years," said Brig. George A. McCarter, B.C.'s CD co-ordinator in Victoria. Will he be building one? No, he's moving into an apart-

ment. So is Group Capt. Alexander Lewis, head of CD in Vancouver. His counterpart in Saint John, Col. E. M. Slader, said citizens there are more conscious of CD now than ever before; but at the time Maclean's checked Saint John city hall, nobody had applied for a permit to build a shelter.

Who will build fallout shelters?

A few politicians and CD leaders will—if only as an example to the public. Attorney-General Kelso Roberts, opening a model shelter at the Legislature in Toronto, said he'll be having one built in his own home. So will the CD leaders of Montreal, Alberta and Ontario, among others.

A few contractors will, or already have—as samples for prospective buyers. But several are plugging their own designs. R. S. Allen, a Halifax contractor, considers Ottawa's 8-by-14-foot shelter too small; the one in his basement is 15 by 30. A Toronto promoter implies the Ottawa shelter is too costly; he offers "the cheapest shelter in town"—\$600. Another firm apparently thinks it isn't fancy enough; its cheapest shelter costs \$800, and its deluxe version, complete with gymnasium and walk-in deep-freeze, will cost \$3,100 if anybody ever buys one.

A few private citizens will—if only by blocking up the openings in their basement cold rooms and stocking them with food and water, as some Toronto householders have done already.

"Each householder," says Prime Minister Diefenbaker in the booklet's preface, "can and should decide whether or not to have this form of family protection."

But even before they had a chance to read this advice, a great many householders, prominent and otherwise, seemed to have made their decision.



Pearkes: He's among our unsheltered ministers.

Suburbia (well, part of it, anyway) heads downtown

THE AMENITIES OF SUBURBIA — if they are amenities—are heading downtown. The spearhead of their invasion, an apartment house called the Village Park, in central Toronto, will open next month.

Though it offers no park—quite—the Village Park is basing its appeal on such items as:

- ✓ a courtyard fountain illuminated by sweeping colored floodlights;
- ✓ "honeymoon" suites, with built-in can-openers, free chocolates, fruit baskets and subscriptions to two women's magazines;
- ✓ a rooftop solarium, complete with grass, shuffleboard courts, louvered doors to keep out the city wind

and a deck steward to look after deck chairs;

- ✓ a fifty-five-yard driving (well, chipping) range and adjoining, sand-trapped putting green;
- ✓ lawns that glow—because of bulbs set two feet into the sod atop an underground parking garage.

Will all this—and the Village Park's ad-agency-designed, crestled stationery too—ever really stop the march to suburbia?

Doubtful. The Village Park doesn't want people with young children. "They," says owner Marvin Turk, father of two, "have an obligation to own a home."

But Turk is confident enough in the future of

"country-club" apartments that he's already planning a new development that will out-park the Village Park. Its name is Blair House, a deliberate steal from the state guest house in Washington, "to appeal to prospective tenants' vanity."

Blair House will have its own arcade with a beauty parlor, cigar store and bank.

Meanwhile, the Village Park's "country-club-in-the-city" appeal is bearing fruit. David Millman, a law student who'll move into a honeymoon suite after his wedding this fall, told Maclean's he chose the Village Park after careful shopping. "The suburbs," he said, "are stereotyped."

Cure for cheque-bouncers / New cancer clue / Juke-box commercials

ROCKETS NOT TO BOTHER WATCHING FOR — at least for a while: ones carrying mail across Canada. The main reason is that the Post Office is simply too busy streamlining its current mode of operating, with such devices as electronic sorters and mechanized carts for neighborhood carriers. But, Post Office Department officials claim, mail rocketry to such northern posts as Frobisher Bay is still "a distinct possibility." Meanwhile, the Germans have shelved a similar plan. European air space is already too crowded.

NSF CHEQUES, an annoying—and expensive—hazard to many merchants, are being cut down in Ottawa by a method other cities are watching with interest. Before accepting any personal cheques, an Ottawa storekeeper now stamps the back with a statement that the customer must sign, certifying that there's enough cash in his bank account. This changes the cheque, legally, from a promissory note to an affidavit and, if it bounces, the customer's liable to a fraud charge.

WATCH FOR A BOOM IN SILK this fall. A rush of imports from China into Europe has pushed prices down there to small-budget levels, and production in Britain alone is three times

as fast as last year. Toronto couturier Tibor de Nagay told Maclean's that, with Canadian manufacturers watching continental trends closely, silk fashions will be a big item here soon.

NEXT BIG NEWS in the fight against cancer could be the establishment of a link between the source of drinking water and frequency of cancer. After a detailed study in West Devon, British physician E. D. Allen-Price wrote in the U.K. medical journal, *The Lancet*, that "the parishes with the highest incidence of cancer, and the highest death-rate, derive their water-supplies from wells and springs, which, with two exceptions, are all on the highly mineralized strata, devonian or granite." With Canada's highly diversified water-sources, no similar study is yet planned here.

THOSE GREY-FLANNEL RUSSIANS are onto another capitalist trick: the quiz. The magazine USSR has just announced the first dozen Canadian winners of a 10-question contest. (Questions look tough: "What region of the USSR has common borders with four states?" But the answers are all in the articles in the same issue.) The Russian quiz is no way to get rich quick. Prizes are books.

THE LATEST GAS-SAVING GIMMICK doesn't depend, as most earlier ones have, on carburetion. It's a flywheel principle that works to conserve the energy a car wastes every time it stops. Called Gyreacta, it's the brainchild of U.K. inventor Robert Clerk, the man who thought up chemical toilets. Clerk, who has tested the machine with the aid of Britain's National Research Development Corporation, maintains it cuts fuel-consumption 30% in city traffic, 15% on the highway.

IT HAD TO, UNFORTUNATELY, COME. With the Canadian consumer now subject to a calculated 700 advertising messages a day, from newspapers, radio, TV, billboards, direct mail, shopping bags, match-books and what all, a European firm has developed a device that installs taped commercials in juke boxes.

NOW THAT THE RUSSIANS have landed crude oil in Cuba, there'll likely be attempts to ship some to Canada's east coast. Iron Curtain trade delegations have already been offering crude by the tanker-load in Britain and France at prices well below the current world rates.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

How much do the provincial upsets mean nationally?



Giant-killers Robichaud and Lesage have given the Liberals their first taste of victory in six years.

THE POLITICAL EARTHQUAKES in Quebec and New Brunswick last month provided the first glimmer of evidence that the federal Conservatives may not, after all, be invincible at the polls. The Tories did not directly commit their federal prestige to either of the contests, but the Diefenbaker name was used by all parties on the hustings, and the results proved that its political value has, at least temporarily, been debased.

That does not mean, as some Liberals jubilantly proclaim, that the two provincial runoffs signal a succession of political events that will inevitably end in the Liberal recapture of federal power. But for a party that hasn't won a single election outside Newfoundland for the past six years, the Quebec and New Brunswick victories are a turning point.

The New Brunswick Liberal victory swept out of power John Diefenbaker's most ardent provincial supporter, and introduced a spirited new Liberal leader. The Liberal mandate in Quebec shattered the country's most efficient political machine, leaving the future of the Union Nationale as bleak and empty as its patronage rosters.

While the Quebec vote was a demonstration of anti-Duplessis and not anti-Diefenbaker feelings, its verdict will influence the next general election. Diefenbaker's ability in 1958 to win fifty of Quebec's seventy-five seats was in large measure due to help from the Union Nationale electoral machinery in the constituencies. The provincial patronage that held the Union Nationale together is now gone and there is no ideology to cement the party's survivors. In the next federal election, the provincial Liberals will be able to push *their* candidates, and *they* will then appear to the local electorates as the winning side. Quebec's anti-Tory feelings are strengthened by Diefenbaker's failure to bring Quebec cabinet representation up to a meaningful level. "If the rest of the country could be convinced that Quebec will swing to the Liberals next time," says one of the party's shrewdest strategists, "there'd be a great leap forward in the Liberal ballot across Canada, because the legend persists that the party that holds Quebec can win the country."

The New Brunswick Liberal victory holds less federal portent, but it did shatter the career of Hugh John Flemming, the man whose provincial victory in 1952 touched off the Conservative march to power in Ottawa. Flemming attended the 1942 Port Hope conference that marked the party's revitalization, and it was Flemming who in 1956 nominated John Diefenbaker as party leader. Throughout his campaign Flemming stressed his ability to deal with his friend the prime minister at this month's dominion-provincial fiscal conference.

The strategy backfired. Flemming was told that if the PM was such a good pal, he should speak to him about more jobs for the province, where unemployment last winter ran at a rate twice the national average. "The Liberals could have won at least three more seats if Diefenbaker had visited the province during the campaign," maintains one Grit organizer. "Politics down here is close to the belly, and we kept poking fun at Diefenbaker's promises that no one would suffer because of unemployment."

Despite such tactics, there is a great deal of evidence that the election was not decided by federal issues. Close to half the province's population is French-speaking. With Louis Robichaud—a Richibucto lawyer who didn't learn to speak English until he was twenty—as their leader, the Liberals offered New Brunswick voters their first Acadian candidate, rallying the French-speaking vote which had previously been split among the parties.

Robichaud's main campaign plank was abolition of the fifty-dollar-per-family premium payment for the province's hospital insurance plan, imposed by Flemming last year. Robichaud realized that fifty dollars is a substantial sacrifice in a province where per capita cash income is only \$690 a year. He pledged to pay the premiums out of general provincial revenues. A member of the Legislature at Fredericton since 1952, the same year he was admitted to the bar, Robichaud was elected leader of the New Brunswick Liberals in 1958, following a Kennedy-type campaign to line up delegates. He's a compact (5 ft. 5 in. and 150-lb.) belligerent stump orator with little intellectual depth but a well-developed animal instinct for politics—qualities that certainly make him a new type of Liberal leader, and a potentially important national figure.

Contrary to advice from some more-experienced politicians, Robichaud recognized the hospital premium as the campaign's major issue, and simply hammered at it on the hustings until Flemming was driven to its defense, and thus to defeat. Robichaud's esti-

mate of the issue was perfect. The constituencies that remained Tory were mainly the districts where the majority of voters are salaried employees who paid the premium in little-noticed monthly deductions.

The Tories clearly lost the New Brunswick election on local issues, but there was at least one positive sign of dissatisfaction with Diefenbaker in all of the provincial elections last month. The armed forces vote went solidly Liberal, reflecting a lack of confidence in the defense policy of the Conservatives. In at least three Nova Scotia seats it was the armed forces vote that defeated Tory candidates.

The Liberal victory in Quebec was won by Jean Lesage largely as a result of general revulsion against Union Nationale corruption, but in his campaign Lesage again and again attacked the Diefenbaker ministry as "the most centralizing of all the federal governments," and repeatedly accused Premier Antonio Barrette of betraying the Duplessis tradition by not standing up more firmly to Ottawa.

Such harangues brought into the Lesage camp the indestructible core of Quebec nationalists who believe that the province exists in a constant state of siege by the English. He'll have to return to this same element fairly soon for a firmer mandate. That means he must make a tough super-nationalistic stand against the Tories in Ottawa during the dominion-provincial fiscal negotiations.

If Lesage talks so tough that he allows himself to become regarded outside Quebec as another Duplessis—more honest but equally isolationist—he could harm the cause of federal Grits. Ottawa Liberals who know Lesage insist that he's too much of an opportunist to allow his image to be so permanently marred that he could never return to federal politics as Mike Pearson's chief Quebec lieutenant. Others point out that Lesage really has little choice.

Quebec politicians expect the Liberals will go to the polls within a year to ask for a stronger mandate. By then Lesage will have had to implement at least part of the 53-point plank that brought him to power. The platform, which he never really expected he'd have to honor, is tremendously expensive—an extra \$100-million load on the provincial budget in the first year. Whether he wants to or not, Lesage will have to battle with evangelical zeal for every additional dollar out of the federal treasury.

The next test of Quebec's political mood will be the by-election this fall in Labelle riding, at the northern end of the Laurentians. It's a seat once held by Henri Bourassa, the great Quebec nationalist, and is traditionally a Liberal constituency. It was first won for the Tories by Henri Courtemanche in 1949, and became vacant earlier this year by Courtemanche's sudden elevation, at forty-four, to the Senate. The betting in Ottawa is that the Liberals will regain the seat, especially if work continues to lag on the Bômarc site at Mont Laurier, in the middle of the constituency.

The Liberal mood of optimism is significantly strengthened by the latest Gallup Poll—taken before the provincial elections—which shows a twelve-percent drop in Tory popularity since the March 1958 election, and a six percent gain for the Liberals.

For the first time since they were whipped almost into insignificance, Mike Pearson's Liberals can again smell power. "We don't pretend that the Quebec and New Brunswick elections are the results of a great Liberal revival across Canada," says one of Ottawa's more outspoken Liberals, "but they do herald a clear appreciation that an alternative to the present government is needed—and we're the only workable alternative available." ★

BACKGROUND

Reappearance of an economic sore: the "sweatshop"

THE POSTWAR WAVE of immigration has brought back to Canada an economic canker that's been largely forgotten since the 30s: the needle-trade "sweatshop." In Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal and Toronto, female workers in certain sections of the garment industry are being paid as little as 40 cents an hour by bosses who often simply ignore minimum-wage laws. Toronto, which has had the heaviest influx of unskilled labor, is hardest hit.

In busy seasons, "sweatshop" workers are putting in 10-hour days, six, even seven days a week—at straight time. In slack periods, they sometimes sit idly—at no pay—till 3 or 4 in the afternoon. Then, when their boss gets an order, they are often asked to work till midnight.

Not all divisions of the garment trade are affected. The fur industry, men's fine suits, women's suits and dresses and sportswear are all more than 90 percent organized by unions. In the women's cloak and suit industry in Toronto, there are 45 shops employing nearly 1,600 unionized workers. Another dozen, employing about 100 people, are not organized. Most union contracts call for a minimum wage for unskilled workers of 75 cents an hour, rising to 80 cents after six months, with such fringe attractions as time and a half for overtime, eight statutory holidays,

health and benefit plans and two weeks' vacation with pay.

But in at least two trades—women's underwear and men's workclothes and sportswear—the unorganized shops are as common as the organized.

Most of the unorganized workers are recent immigrants, unable to speak English and unaware of their rights. Traditionally, garment workers have been Jews from Eastern Europe—and much of the original organization was done by Yiddish-speaking labor leaders. Now many garment workers are of Italian, Ukrainian and other racial stocks. In the last ten years, the number of non-union shops making men's workclothes and sportswear in Toronto alone has jumped from three to 20.

As Arthur Robins, international representative of the United Garment Workers of America, explains the return of "sweatshops": "A man buys himself a sewing machine and starts taking work home with him at night. His wife works on it during the day while he's in the shop. Soon they buy another machine and hire one or two people. Before you know it they've got a whole floor on Spadina Avenue (centre of the Toronto trade) with fifteen or twenty immigrants working for them and we have another unorganized shop on our hands."

Even if they never open shops of their own, the "homeworkers" depress wage standards. The Ontario Homeworkers' Act sets standards that both the manufacturer and homeworkers must meet—but many immigrants are so desperate for jobs they'll gladly ignore the requirements. Samuel Kraisman, manager of the International Ladies Garment Workers, says a sewing-machine operator of average skill, working on piece-work rates in a union shop, makes \$60 to \$80 in a 40-hour week. "But we know of no homeworker making more than \$15, though of course we don't know how many hours they work."

The return of the "sweatshop" and the increase in cut-rate labor has some manufacturers as worried as union leaders. Alfred Freeman of the National Garment Manufacturers' Association, says "if this situation continues it will drive us out of business. Our labor costs are 25 to 33 percent of the selling price. A garment we can sell for \$10, a 'sweatshop' can sell for \$8."

Says Arthur Robins of the UGWA: "They call the unorganized part of our industry the garment jungle. That's no exaggeration. I've had people come to me in tears, begging to be placed in a union shop. But as long as others are willing to work for 'sweatshop' wages, there's nothing I can do to help them."

Cornelius Krieghoff's barroom nude

CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, the immigrant who became Canada's first old master, is most famous today for his earthy scenes of Canadian pioneer life.

But only a few connoisseurs realize just how earthy Krieghoff could be. His earliest known Canadian work—and one of his least known—is a 25-by-35-inch nude. The model is said to have been Krieghoff's dark-haired French-Canadian wife, whose facial features he changed and whose hair he painted as blond.

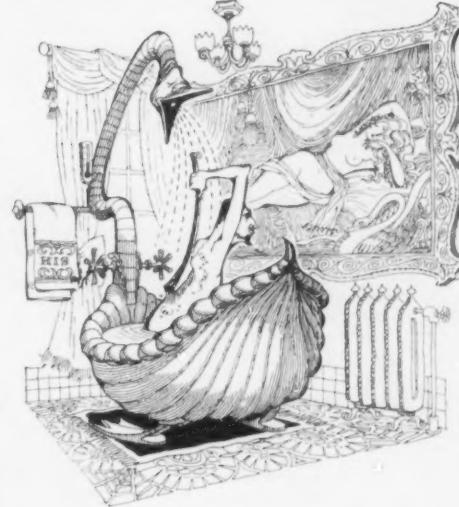
In its 116 years, only one man, apparently, has ever been proud of owning Krieghoff's nude. Krieghoff himself hid it in a dark corner of his studio for fear of causing a scandal. One day Sidney Smith, postmaster-general in the 1860s, discovered the painting and bought it. Smith's purchase caused a violent row in his family, but he hung it in his home in Cobourg, Ont.

After Smith died, his daughter was about to slash the painting with a knife, but her brother stopped her and took it for himself. One of the last places he hung it was over his bathtub.

When the nude came down to its present owner, Dr. E. A. Watkinson of Ottawa, it got a place over his mantelpiece but was soon banished to a stair landing.

How good a painting is it? In his 1934 book on Krieghoff, Dr. Marius Barbeau raved about it, mentioning the evocation of Leda and the mythical visitation. But Barbeau is an ethnologist. Some critics consider it "just a barroom nude."

For the past year, the painting has been in the Robertson Galleries, Ottawa, waiting for a buyer. The asking price, \$7,500, is low for a Krieghoff. His Old Canadian Homestead in Winter once changed hands for \$25,000. — KLAUS NEUMANN



FOOTNOTES

About TV movies: British televiewers will wait a long time before they see top-rated movies on their home screens. To keep films like *The Third Man*, *Private's Progress* and *The Constant Husband* off the air, British movie-house operators pay one farthing per seat into a \$1,350,000-a-year fund. The Film Industry Defense Organization uses the money to outbid TV interests and reserve the films for theatre showings.

About government costs: MPs don't get pay increases often but the cost of running parliament nevertheless keeps climbing. Running the Senate and the Commons in '60-'61 will cost almost \$8 million (including salaries), a quarter million more than last year and over a million more than in '57-'58. Commons takes the biggest bite (\$5.8 million). MPs' salaries, travel expenses

and pension costs make up less than half that total. Staff salaries, building maintenance and sundry other expenses for the Commons alone will total \$3 million this year.

About moon myths: Scientists have scoffed for generations at ancient beliefs about the moon's influence on human health. Now they're confronted with the findings of Dr. Edson J. Andrews of Tallahassee, Fla. He studied 1,000 tonsillectomies and found more patients hemorrhaged around the time of the full moon than at any other period—even though proportionately fewer were operated on at that time.

About postage stamps: They're a hot investment these days if you manage to buy "corner blocks" of the right issues. (A corner block consists of four stamps from the corner of a sheet, plus the marginal paper showing the plate number.) A corner block of the 1942 Canadian Peace Tower 10-cent

stamps, costing 40 cents, is now worth \$85, though a single stamp of the same issue now fetches only 45 cents. A corner block of the 1946 lumbering stamp with a slightly imperfect OHMS overprint, is worth \$250 today. But don't run to the nearest post office for new corner blocks; only the philatelic section of the Post Office Department, Ottawa, sells them.

About pianos: Like cars, the smaller models are winning larger shares of the market. Leading manufacturers have quit making the familiar old upright piano and now do 97% of their sales in the little spinet type. Grand pianos are meanwhile holding their own among concert artists and well-to-do amateur pianists.

About a tree: A Maclean's article last January 16 asked: Can Winnipeg's wonderful elm survive a second century? Answer: No. The tree that caused civic battles and bitterness by standing

in the middle of Wolseley Avenue died at 98. Tree expert Alex Gudziak blames vandals who ripped away all but two of 26 grafts he inserted to help the tree survive earlier vandalism.

About tension: Even if it's not giving you ulcers or breaking up your marriage, it may be wrecking your teeth and gums. Clenching and grinding teeth excessively—a common symptom of tension—can shift teeth out of place, cause gum diseases and even damage underlying bones, says Dr. Ira F. Ross of the New York University College of Dentistry.

About weeds: Scientists are attacking one type with a new weapon: insects. To rid rangeland of a toxic weed called tansy ragwort, the California Agricultural Experiment Station has spread fields with 6,000 pupae of the cinnabar moth, an insect that thrives on noxious weeds but won't even give useful plants a nibble.

COMMENT

MAILBAG: Some angry and some enraptured responses to Marika Robert

I feel I must protest Beverley Baxter's entirely materialistic evaluation of Leslie Hore-Belisha (Religion in politics: the Jew in the War Office, July 2). After quoting from a serene, beautiful and gently ironic letter written by Hore-Belisha while in retreat at a Benedictine Monastery, Baxter, without being in the least able to assess such a letter, goes on to ask "What are the reasons why a man like Belisha should soar like a rocket and then fall meaninglessly to earth?" Meaninglessly? I think not. Hore-Belisha served England brilliantly until his public career ended. Baxter deplorable the fact that he "might have been a second Disraeli." The pomps of yesteryear have little value in The Kingdom of Heaven. Hore-Belisha, like Mary of Bethany, hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken from him. — MARGARET TUPPER, WINNIPEG.

How Winnipeggers treat pretty women

I've been reading Marika Robert's article: The Canadian Male is a Lout in Love (July 2). Being a male I see things a little differently. We *do* turn around if a pretty girl walks by. We also make remarks about their legs and even their charms. And we *do* whistle (because we're not good conversationalists) but they don't care. — GUY MIRADA, TORONTO.

✓ Marika Robert is correct. — VOLKMAR STOLL, CALGARY.

✓ ... disgusting, harmful and unfair. — J. V. PERRIN, QUEBEC CITY.

✓ If you have any more smutty articles, please cancel my subscription. — MRS. DOUGLAS JONES, SOURIS, MAN.

✓ Marika writes with humor and great intelligence and makes me proud to be an immigrant. — MRS. VERENA BALIKCI, OTTAWA.

✓ I'm sorry to hear that the boys in Marika's neighborhood don't make eyes or passes at her. Judging from the nice big smile in her picture, she should

come to Winnipeg and stand on the corner of Broadway and Donald for a few minutes. She would catch plenty of eyes popping — including mine. — FRANK PTASHNICK, WINNIPEG.

✓ Poor Mrs. Robert! On a continent where only the chase is romantic, marriage must seem dull. Yesterday, my husband wired me 14 roses from Edmonton for our fourteenth wedding anniversary. Two European-born friends admired them that evening. You would have thought that these romantic women would have asked why he hadn't thrown up the mundane business deal which kept him in Edmonton and flown to my side. Instead, one said that she would scold him very severely if he was her husband for wasting all that money. The other, evidently still op-

✓ Thirty years ago my husband and I were returning from our honeymoon, after covering nearly 2800 miles. We had left Quebec City in the morning. Some time later we were stopped by a provincial policeman who told us we had been going 35 miles an hour through a village. Since we hadn't seen any village or any speed limit signs (and, at the moment, there wasn't a house in sight), we were inclined to argue a bit. There wasn't much we could do, but like Mr. Johnstone, pay our ten dollars and be on our way . . . We have never driven in Quebec since, and for many years warned any of our friends who were driving there to be careful. — MRS. K. L. LORDLY, MONCTON, N.B.

How Maclean's treated a police chief

Regarding the series of articles that appeared in Maclean's (How a big-city police force really works, March 12 to May 7) I would now like to thank you for a job well done. The comments at a recent Ontario Chief Constables' Association convention were all good, and it would appear that the public across the country thought that much had been done in the way of putting forward the police view. — J. MACKEY, CHIEF, METROPOLITAN TORONTO POLICE.

How Ivy Maison treated the unemployed

In The Market That Won't Sell Out to Progress (June 18), Barbara Moon made reference to "an altruistic local lady" who borrowed the old music hall on the third floor and there "ran a soup kitchen for a while." The premises lent to me by the city were used during the Depression of the '30s — not the '20s. The men, of the ranks of unemployed who were actually starving at the period, were given two regular meals a day, paid for by the voluntary gifts of ever-generous Toronto. We operated that kitchen for three winters, taking over the Wellington House kitchens as well in the second year. Also, may I point out that my name was misspelled? Thank you, however, for the adjective. — IVY MAISON, OTTAWA.

Why Negroes should stay in Africa: Canada's color problem is a white one

Maclean's here prints the first anonymous letter that has appeared in this magazine. We don't like anonymous letters any more than we ever did, but in this case the writer's anonymity is part of his point. We think his point is well made, and will go a long way toward explaining their own motives to all the people who write anonymous letters, and join anonymous mobs, when they want to take a stand on the question of race. — The editors.

Dear Sir: It has long been fashionable, as in your editorial of the issue of May 21, to condemn our immigration policy, which in effect forbids people of any non-white race to enter Canada. This restriction, you say, is unjust, unChristian, unethical and immoral.

It is. It is also wise, far-sighted, realistic, and in Canada's best interests.

Many people are thoroughly ashamed of this policy. Ellen Fairclough, for one, gives all the indications of being ashamed of the policy she must herself enforce. Domestic servants are hard to train, and therefore it is difficult to find enough suitably qualified applicants to fill the West Indian quotas; this statement is pressed into service to answer the query as to why no West Indian technicians are allowed to enter Canada. Another weak excuse is that people with black skins are unsuited for life in our harsh climate. Peary took a black man to the North Pole.

Our ostensible reasons are all specious. Our real reason for excluding colored immigrants is simply that we are afraid that they may create a problem.

And if you do not have a problem, why import one? Rebuttal should be instantaneous — why should a person, because his skin is colored, create a problem?

He may not create a color problem. What he will do is to create a white problem.

What we forget is that we Canadians, because we belong to the human race, are masses of illogic, prejudice and selfishness. We are also lazy, blind and stupid. If you doubt this, canvass your neighborhood for the Red Cross, your fellow church members for the money to build a new parish hall, or the fathers of your Scout troop for help on Scout night. Let us face it; a great number of Canadian citizens are slobs.

And every one of these, as long as he stays out of jail, has a vote, a voice in the community, and the God-given right to be catered to by politicians. Moreover, 20 slobs together cannot raise a nickel for charity, but two — any two — can surely raise a riot. Because they are Canadians too, their wishes, their reactions, and their prejudices must be taken into account. Tolerance is a virtue; intolerance is a fact.

It is a basic tenet of psychiatry that everyone wants to feel superior to someone. Among upper brackets, these emotions lead only to office politics, the joining of exclusive clubs and the purchase of Cadillacs. Among those to whom such avenues of self-expression are closed, however, these desires tend to erupt into sickening violence, such as the defacing of synagogues, the burning of fiery crosses, and the instigation of race riots, as in South Africa, Algeria, the southern States, Notting Hill, or in Vancouver, which has had riots all its own. That this hungering for

violence is deep-seated has been recognized by at least one influential segment of our civilization — our advertisers, who feed TV audiences on a steady diet of physical conflict, violence and sadism.

Into this welter of blood-lust and prejudice, advocates of unrestricted immigration wish to drop an indigestible and explosive ingredient.

Of course, it may be said that we are too civilized here in Canada to descend to the depths plumbed in South Africa or Alabama. But are we? As much was said in England, the traditional haven of the rights of man, until Notting Hill erupted. In Dresden, Ont., we enforce our own brand of apartheid.

There is nothing in our history of relations with our Indians, Métis, Chinese or Japanese to indicate that we are proof against the intolerance to which other men are prey.

To take a few refugees from a bigot-ridden country into Canada, where they in their turn will be tormented, will solve nothing. If we take only a few, so that they are not noticeable among the crowds, the situation in their homeland will not be helped; and if we take many, we are importing the fuel that history has shown is likely to burn our house down.

No; do not import a problem if you are happily free from it. Do not create an explosive situation if one does not exist. Let us keep our illusion that we are unprejudiced. Once the problem has come into being, all the evidence is that it will take centuries to cure.

Because, being a true Canadian, I am also a slob, I do not intend to sign my name. ★

MACLEAN'S

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THE COVER

On a visit to the Lakehead, artist Rex Woods was struck by the incongruous sight of two original Americans leaving the tourist information bureau at Port Arthur. Though the Lakehead is Ojibway country, Woods isn't sure if his Indians belong to an Ojibway band.

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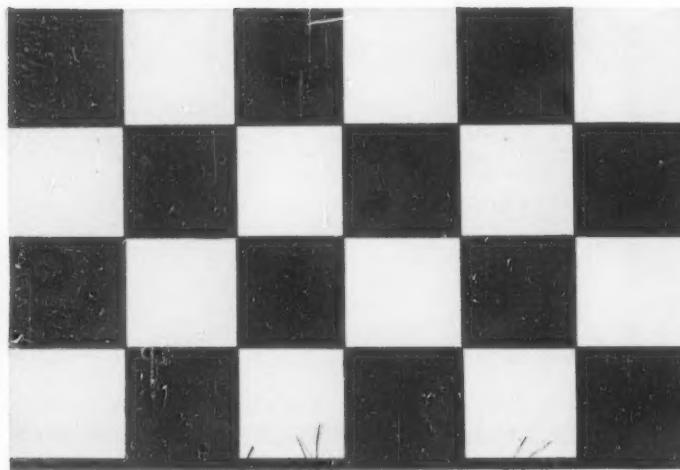
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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

For the sake of argument



REV. A. J. MACLACHLAN SAYS

Let's stop coddling our alcoholics

Before the term alcoholic came into popular use, the man who drank too much was stigmatized as a drunkard and condemned as a heartless and wicked fellow whose behavior caused great hardship to his wife and children. Sympathetic help in breaking the drink habit was not readily available.

I hold no brief for this old-fashioned treatment of the alcoholic. On the other hand, I'm convinced that the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction. Our attitude toward the alcoholic has become too soft, too maudlin, too sentimental. So much so that we're actually weakening his resolve to give up drinking. Psychiatrists, social workers and others who work with the chronic drinker are "non-judgmental" in their approach lest they heighten his feelings of guilt and hasten still another drinking bout. Even his wife, whom he beats, and his children, whom he terrorizes, must turn the other cheek, and repeat, often with considerable bitterness, "Daddy is a fine man — except that he's sick sometimes."

The disease approach

In my opinion, the scientific, non-judgmental approach to the alcoholic amounts to mollycoddling. If we sincerely want to help the alcoholic, we've got to be a lot tougher on him. We've got to confront him bluntly with the real facts of life, namely, that he lives in a society of law and order; that he's responsible for his behavior; that he can blame only himself for his present condition; and finally, that he himself, by his own efforts, can get rid of the drink habit.

As I see it, the basic fallacy in our handling of the alcoholic is that we use the disease approach. It is now fashionable to think of his difficulty primarily as a medical problem, when in reality it is predominantly a moral and spiritual problem. We say to the alcoholic, in effect, "You have a sickness, like measles or mumps."

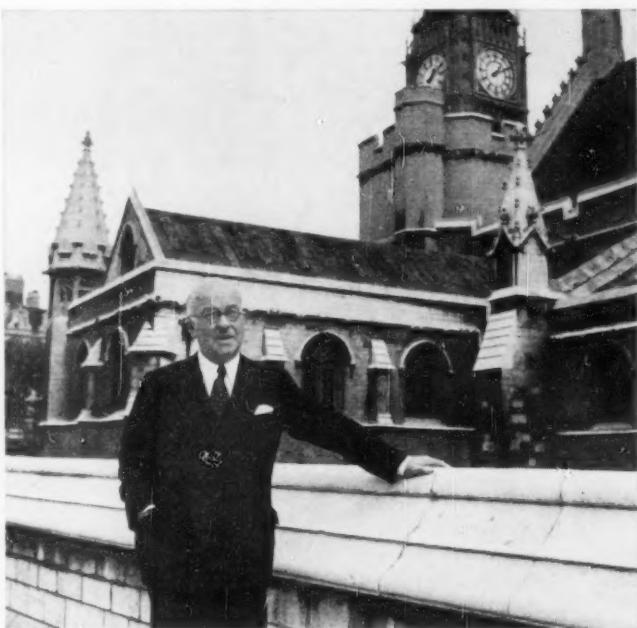
Unfortunately the disease approach has become a boomerang, producing psychological side effects that were not anticipated. The alcoholic finds it an easy way out. If a mysterious invader — a kind of alcoholic virus — can be blamed for his condition, who can hold him morally responsible? As a consequence, many alcoholics adopt an attitude that is passive, defeatist and unco-operative. They say to the therapist, "Here I am, doctor. I'm your problem. Give me the pill that will cure me."

Absolving the alcoholic of responsibility is exactly the opposite of what we should be doing. One of the great character weaknesses of the alcoholic is that he's a dependent person. He's been dominated by a strong mother or father; often he's been the pampered only child or youngest child in the family. He's grown into adulthood with a chronic inability to accept full responsibility for the conduct of his life. Any form of treatment that perpetuates this feeling of dependency and helplessness hinders his recovery. We can and must help him, by bringing him to a state of mind where he can say to himself, with conviction, "I'm responsible for what I am because this is what I decided to be. I won't be anything else until I make the moral decision to make myself into something else."

The therapist who is oriented to the disease approach will find it difficult to bring the alcoholic around to this view of himself and his problems. Many psychiatrists and psychologists I know tend to believe in biological determinism — the belief that man is pretty well enslaved by his body chemistry and his environment. I can accept the fact that simple forms of life, such as the bee and the ant, are robots whose whole existence is determined by their instincts and by such environmental factors as sound, smell, light and temperature. Man is a far different creature, *CONTINUED ON PAGE 42*

MR. MACLACHLAN, WHO IS CHAPLAIN TO AN ONTARIO MENTAL HOSPITAL,
CONDUCTS COURSES IN PASTORAL COUNSELING.

Beverley Baxter's last London Letter



Farewell and hail after 25 years

It is an open secret that the London Letter in its present form and by its present author is drawing peacefully to a close. From time to time I shall write for Maclean's but no longer can it be regarded as a habit or a nuisance, something that duly appears despite the weather, the hazards of the postal services and the perils of peace and war.

Napier Moore was my first editor of the magazine, and I found him most helpful and encouraging. Every editor of character develops not only his own personality but that of the publication over which he presides. Napier was a gifted writer on his own account but it is difficult for an orchestra leader to wield the baton and play the cello at the same time. The duty of an editor is to edit.

In my time I have had the experience of editing the London Sunday Express and the Daily Express and finally I became editorial adviser of what was then Lord Kemsley's newspaper kingdom. But in the end it seemed more congenial to write and let the editors do the publishing and presentation.

Let us admit at once that a London Letter in any publication is about as novel as an Egyptian pyramid, nor can it publish hot news and topical comment. The process of producing a magazine like Maclean's or the Saturday Evening Post involves printing in sections, delayed by color plates. It

is beyond alteration once it has final form. Newspapers can alter, eliminate or build up a story through the night but magazines have no such pliability.

Yet it was topicality, albeit somewhat delayed, that gave the London Letter its first big heave. The marital crisis of King Edward VIII was followed so swiftly by abdication that it seemed absurd to write about it for Maclean's. But so puzzled were the people in Canada, so hurt and so disillusioned, that when my article on the abdication appeared the magazine sold out overnight.

I claim no special merit for that but as a result the London Letter was firmly established. It remained so for years on end.

As a result a British publisher offered me attractive terms to publish a book of the Letters, but hardly had the first copies been sent to the press when a letter arrived from the Duke of Windsor's solicitors. In the original article on the abdication in Maclean's I had written harshly, though with restraint, not only about the King but also the lady he married. The solicitors now demanded a public apology and a financial settlement but instead my publisher withdrew the book from publication and the duke accepted my regrets.

Incidentally there was an awkward intervention by the prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, one that *CONTINUED ON PAGE 43*

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BENCHES



BENCHES AND VERSES . . . a magic combination not only for a summer's child, but also for a tastemaker on the hunt for a good new idea to sit down upon. For our August issue, master photographer Peter Varley set up the benches out-of-doors to evoke that wonderland created by Robert Louis Stevenson's memorable book of verses. But being a magazine of home ideas, we keep practical, too. These benches are for your entire family to dream on . . . and if you insist, they can be used *inside* your house. Modestly we say, this feature is just another *pièce de résistance* from the editors of the most beautiful magazine in Canada. Another August bonus we take pride in: the 20-page illustrated Guidebook on How to Buy Furniture, in handy, tear-out form. And that's far from all.

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IS THE U.S. TALKING ITSELF INTO HOT WAR?

Americans are being conditioned to take it for granted that an all-out nuclear conflict is almost a certainty

BY IAN SCLANDERS *Maclean's Washington Editor*

A CANADIAN CROSSING the border to the United States steps out of a country where relatively few really believe man will inflict on himself the awfulness of nuclear war and into a country where a great many take it for granted that nuclear war, if not inevitable, is at least likely.

The U.S. is a country that rings with cries for more weapons, while in Canada there are many signs of a rising sentiment in favor of disarmament and neutrality. It's a country that drafts eight thousand young men a month, and where no teenaged boy can forget that a two-year stretch in uniform lies ahead of him, while Canada has no compulsory military service. It's a country where public bomb shelters are almost as familiar as fire hydrants, and where the governor of New York, Nelson Rockefeller, seriously proposes that family fallout shelters should be mandatory, while in Canada suggestions for shelters, public or private, are widely ridiculed.

It is also a country buffeted by a gale of propaganda from a variety of sources. Foremost among them are the armed services,

which strive to create an atmosphere in which they can get bigger appropriations from Congress. In addition, they are seeking support for the idea that if an enemy is planning an attack, the U.S. forces should have the right to attack first—a concept summed up by General Thomas Power, commander of the Strategic Air Command, who says bluntly: "I do not think you have the power to deter a war unless you have the power to start a war."

Armament manufacturers eager for fatter contracts back up the armed forces with propaganda of their own. So do right-wing politicians moved by their own version of patriotism and the hope of gaining votes, professional anti-Communists, civil defense organizations trying to banish apathy with terrifying descriptions of bombs falling on the U.S., and pressure groups like the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Committee of One Million, successor to the China Lobby.

Finally there are newspapers that CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

New York police cart off two women who refused to take cover in an air-raid alert in May. Only 25 New Yorkers preferred arrest to taking shelter.



They're being conditioned: These participants in a Pittsburgh bomb-shelter test were photographed through a one-way window; they spent two weeks in it.

churn American emotions with scare headlines and TV and radio commentators who always sound as shrill and excited as they would be if the Martians had just landed.

Listening to these martial voices, are Americans developing the kind of jitters that could doom any early effort to ease world tensions, and lead to a rash and irrevocable act? Is the U.S. talking itself toward a hot war?

I put these questions to diplomats, politicians, businessmen and journalists in New York and Washington in the anxious weeks after the U-2 incident and the collapse of the summit conference in Paris.

The gist of their answers was that some Americans, who may even be a large segment of the population, are indeed growing jittery. Those whose nerves are frayed most have a tendency to shout that the U.S. should smash Russia now. But the jittery Americans still seem to be outnumbered by cooler Americans—among them President Eisenhower and other leaders—who feel that nuclear war can and must be avoided. The people I talked to said the U.S. as a whole will stay apprehensive enough to push preparedness forward but—unless the unexpected happens—won't panic and precipitate a hot war.

Yet all of them underlined the fact that cold war, which to most Canadians merely means an uneasy and uncertain peace, has a different meaning in the U.S. To Americans it means an actual conflict which, though bloodless, must be fought and won, by building up such military power that the Communists will be discouraged from aggression, by foreign aid and alliances, and by a readiness to honor commitments with military action should it be necessary.

The cost of the cold war is tremendous. Defense spending in the U.S. exceeds \$42,000,000,000 a year, or \$231 a head, compared with \$1,616,000,000 or \$89 per capita in Canada. In the U.S., defense plus atomic research consumes fifty-two cents of every tax dollar collected by the federal treasury and these items are equal to nearly ten percent of the gross national product. In Canada defense expenditures and atomic research are less than a third of the federal revenue and less than five percent of the gross national product. One American in seventy is in uniform. In Canada the figure is one in a hundred and six.

But the U.S. brand of cold war involves more than men and money. It involves grave risks, as most Americans realize, and this is what lies behind the philosophy of offense, rather than defense.

The strategists in the Pentagon once spoke of "preventive war" in timid tones, as though afraid of being heard. Gathering confidence, they changed the phrase to "pre-emptive war," uttered in a firm voice. The phrase now popular is "initiative capability," barked as a sergeant-major barks orders, to leave no doubt that the cold warriors of the Pentagon want to be able to strike a blow before they are struck. They've persuaded the House of Representatives that this is the right course. The House has approved a report containing this paragraph:

"To effectively deter a would-be aggressor, we should maintain our armed forces in such a way and with such an understanding that should it ever become obvious that an attack upon us or our allies is imminent, we can launch an attack before the aggressor has hit either us or our allies. This is an element of deterrence which the United States should not deny itself."

Heartened by the endorsement of the House, some of the top Pentagon brass have assumed an air of pugnacious cockiness. The chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, General Nathan Twining, recently said of U.S. military preparations: "Are we ready? Boy!"

It was evidently this flip boast that prompted Canada's prime minister, John Diefenbaker, to condemn those who "brandish symbols of military power" in a speech at DePauw University in Indiana. U.S. newspapers, reserving their headlines for the rocket-rattlers, paid scant attention to Diefenbaker. They paid less attention to his minister of external affairs, Howard Green, who, when the U-2 spy plane was brought down deep inside Russia, expressed surprise and concern that such a plane had flown over Soviet territory.

The Pentagon swaggering that worries Canada's government likewise worries vast numbers of Americans—those Americans who believe, like the majority of Canadians, that nuclear war would destroy civilization. These Americans are also afraid of the cumulative emotional impact so much inflammatory propaganda may have on their countrymen. From all accounts, industries engaged in defense work participate enthusiastically in what, depending on the point of view, could be called either the scare-the-taxpayer campaign or the enlighten-the-taxpayer campaign. These industries are such a sizable chunk of the whole U.S. economy that Senator Hubert Humphrey is urging an inquiry into what would happen to that economy in the event of disarmament. The companies look on the

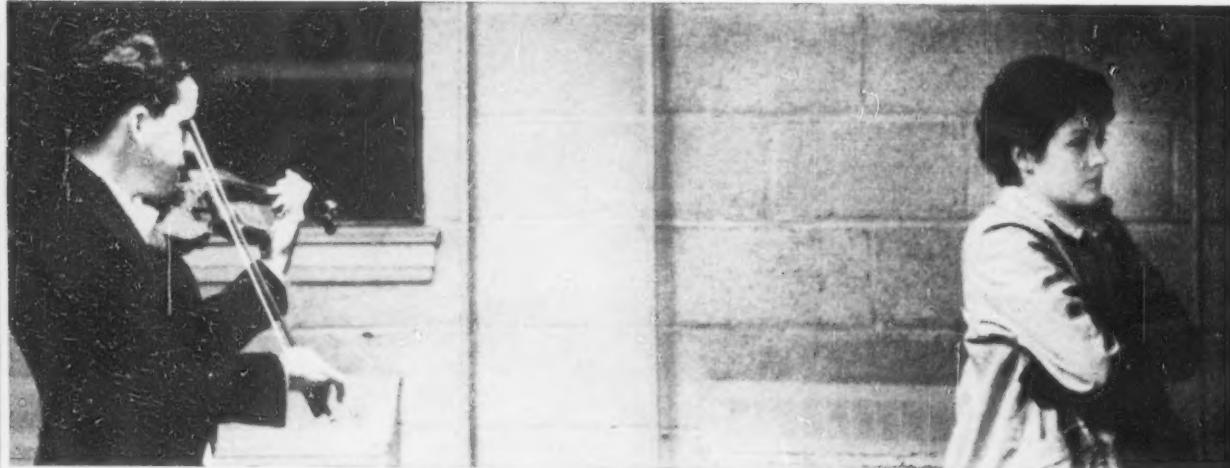
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Anxious hour of a musical debut

IN A CONCERT THEY STAGED THEMSELVES—AT A LOSS—TWO OVERSTRUNG YOUNG MONTREALERS BID FOR MUSICAL CAREERS



A MACLEAN'S PHOTO STORY BY DON NEWLANDS

One night, on the bleak stage of Toronto's Unitarian Church, Ken Perkins and Marylou Dawes tentatively entered the exclusive and forbidding little world of concert artists as a professional duo.

As the pictures on these pages show, it was a frightening and exhausting experience—as it usually is for unknown classical musicians, who have to create their own first "break" by initiating a debut.

Financially, the evening was a flop. But Ken's father and sister, who paid \$525 in expenses and absorbed a \$299 deficit, were no more surprised than Ken and Marylou.

"Any Canadian artist counts on a loss if he's underwriting his own concert," Ken explained later.

But he and Marylou had much more at stake than money: almost twenty years' study apiece, and four months' practice for the concert. In return for this investment they got about all they could hope for: a passing mention in one newspaper, an enthusiastic review in another, and experience on stage.

Before the performance, as an audience composed mostly of relatives, friends and music colleagues filed in to occupy two thirds of the hall's three hundred seats, the pair waited nervously backstage. Ken sawed on one scale after another. Marylou, with no piano at hand as a last-minute crutch, stood hunched against a wall in her coat and gloves, shivering with fright. **CONTINUED OVERLEAF**







AFTER THE RECITAL, APPLAUSE
AND PRAISE EASE THE TENSION



As the house lights dimmed, each took those twenty giant steps across the stage. They were on.

"Quick, a cigarette!" exclaimed Marylou as they retreated backstage for intermission. Between outbursts of sympathy and self-criticism, she playfully gave Ken a reassuring pat on the head. Though this was their first professional appearance as a duo, they have performed together since they studied at the same conservatory in Calgary, and in 1953 they toured western Canada as winners of a competition sponsored by a music teachers' group.

Back on stage they were surprised at how quickly the recital came to an end. Then, after the treasured applause, came congratulations — backstage, and at a reception in a women's club. They were especially encouraged by the enthusiasm of Oscar Morawetz (immediate left), since they had given the premiere performance of one of his compositions, then repeated it as an encore.

That night, on the train trip home to Montreal, Ken and Marylou relaxed for the first time. Next day, the Toronto Star noted the concert only briefly, so Ken and Marylou read and reread the *Globe and Mail*, which used such phrases as "first-rate technique," "solid musicianship" and "artistic sensitivity."

With that review almost memorized, they could nurture the hope that they'd caught the ear or the eye of someone who'd want to book them for another concert — or even manage their new career.

"It's a start," Ken said matter-of-factly. "And what else can you do?" —CATHIE BRESLIN



Wilf



Rudy



Tony



Ted



Emil



Stan



Merv



The barefoot boys of golf

The seven sons of John and Mary Homenuik have gathered a healthy collection of prizes and championships. To do it, they had to trade salvaged golf balls for castoff clubs and worm their way onto the fairways between dues-paying foursomes. But that's all over now

BY TRENT FRAYNE

THIS COUNTRY HAS no shortage of golf courses more challenging than one called Deer Park on the flat fringes of Yorkton, Sask., and there are any number of golf professionals more prominent than a bulky Scot in his early sixties named Bill Kerr. Still, Kerr and Deer Park have produced the most remarkable golfing family in Canada. The name is Homenuik, and with Kerr's connivance the seven sons of a Ukrainian laborer have used golf to provide a houseful of trophies, a business for two of them, a career for another, a marriage, and at least one and possibly three university educations.

While it's true that the name does not ring as familiarly across the nineteenth hole as, say, the steward's, it's equally true that the Homenuiks—their name is pronounced *Hom-enu-uk*—have their moments on the national scene. Among them they hold an assortment of amateur championships, they've gone to the finals of national tournaments, and one of them is now a professional. They're clearly the most accomplished golfers of the western plains, and they got there almost in bare feet.

They stole their first moments on the fairways of the Deer Park layout, hard by their home, sneaking out of the underbrush of the rough to snatch holes between dues-paying foursomes, wielding clubs paid for with golf balls retrieved both on and off the fairways. The "wee fellows" that club pro Kerr finally took on as caddies in self-defense are grown golfers now.

Wilf Homenuik, the fourth of Bill Kerr's wee fellows, is still small, but he's now a black-browed, tough and taciturn competitor of twenty-four. He won first the junior and then the amateur championships of first Saskatchewan and then Manitoba, before he turned professional last year. He's assistant pro at the Glendale club on Winnipeg's western outskirts and he missed winning the Manitoba Open in his first professional tournament last August by a single stroke.

Teddy, slight as his brother Wilf but with a quick bright grin and a glowing personality, has developed into this country's most persistent golfing bridesmaid. He won the Saskatchewan junior championship in 1953 but then launched into an impos-

ing list of almosts. He was the losing finalist in the Saskatchewan Amateur seven years ago, has been runner-up in the Manitoba Amateur in each of the last three years, and in 1957 he went to the final round of the Canadian Amateur, en route disposing of the formidable Alan Thirwell, twice British Amateur champion. Then he bowed out in the last round.

Tony and Rudy, the two eldest, left the links after Grade 8 to take jobs. Tony, at thirty, is lean and fair complexioned, with fine blond hair. He has difficulty moving, as a result of an injury to his spine—"just an ordinary bump," he calls it, but he's had to give up golf. He is a shipping clerk in a clothes manufacturing plant in Winnipeg. Rudy, who is twenty-eight, runs a gas station in a Winnipeg suburb. But he's able to spend plenty of time on his game.

All the Homenuiks boys down to the youngest, Emil, who is sixteen, have won golf prizes of one kind or another in their native Saskatchewan. Once, three years ago, the seven Homenuiks entered the annual Northeastern Saskatchewan amateur tournament at Yorkton and came away with eight prizes. Wilf won low medal honors with an 18-hole round of 65 and the match-play title in the championship flight (brother Teddy, inevitably, was the other finalist) and the other brothers either won flights or runner-up prizes. The mantelpiece in the family home, a flat-roofed, white stucco bungalow on Tupper Street in Yorkton, is lumped with bric-a-brac of all shapes, materials and sizes, and never a summer has gone by in ten years that somebody hasn't added a cup or a plaque or a piece of silver plate.

Last summer Teddy added a golfing bride to the family team, as a direct result of his golfing prowess. Her name was Margaret Kiggins and she grew up in Estevan and Weyburn, Sask., where her father, Larry, was an RCMP staff sergeant and a golf enthusiast.

"The first thing Marg wanted to do when her dad was transferred to Yorkton was look us up because she'd heard him talk about us a lot as golfers," Teddy explains. "We sort of got interested in each other right away."

Last year, right after they were married, Marg and Ted began winning trophies for their own mantel. On their honeymoon at Bemidji in Minnesota, Ted won a men's tournament and Marg a ladies'.

All the Homenuiks have prospered, directly or indirectly, through golf. Ted, for example, is a service-station lessee in Winnipeg, and his older brother Rudy runs a station in neighboring Transcona.

"Every day both of us get maybe a dozen customers who know us through golf," Ted says. "That can mean an awful lot to a week's business. I don't say the B-A people wouldn't have given us stations if we hadn't been golfers but, I'll tell you this, it didn't hurt any."

Nevertheless, Ted regards golf as a means to an end.

"When you get to be twenty-one or twenty-two, you've got to realize that it's only a game, not a way of life," he says earnestly. "It's different with Wilf; Wilf's a pro now and hopes to make his way in the game. But with the rest of us, golf gave us a boost we wouldn't otherwise have got. Kids we went to school with haven't amounted to much; they're still bumming around Yorkton. I think we would be, too, if it hadn't been for golf."

Until the older Homenuiks, first Tony, then Rudy, and then Ted and Wilf, discovered the Deer Park course and were in turn discovered by the club's pro, Bill Kerr, the family was indistinguishable from any other big and needy family growing up on the prairies. Altogether there were nine children; two girls, Ann and Caroline, are the oldest and the youngest. The first seven children were born on a farm near Verigin, about thirty miles northeast of Yorkton, where John and Mary Homenuik homesteaded unsuccessfully through the Thirties. In 1943 Mary Homenuik, who is a tall and gracious woman with a deep pride in her family, prevailed upon her dark, stockily built husband to move to Yorkton. She felt the children would receive a better education in town. John got a job as a laborer for the city, and he took Mary and the seven children—Ann, who then was fifteen, and the six boys, Tony, Rudy, Ted, Wilf, Stan and



Ted now runs a service station; his prowess as a golfer brought him a bride, Marg.

Mervyn, born about two years apart—to Yorkton. They settled in an old two-story frame house on the western fringes of the town where two more children, Emile and Caroline were born.

Between children, Mary went to work in the kitchen of Harry Chow's Boston Café and soon afterwards Ann got a job there, too. Mary worked at the Boston for sixteen years. A year ago she moved to a new restaurant, the Holiday Inn, on the east side of town.

Tony, the eldest boy, remembers that first home well. "When it was forty below outside, it seemed to us to be fifty below inside," he says with a wan smile. "The outdoor plumbing was fifty air-conditioned feet from the house and that's a lot of air conditioning in the dead of winter. We had no running water. There was a well seven or eight blocks away and we used to fetch water from it in big milk cans. A farmer gave us two goats that were ruining his garden. I trained them to pull a cart in the summer and a sleigh in winter, and that's how we carried our water."

About a quarter of a mile west of the house lay the Deer Park course, a compact layout of 5,210 yards with sand greens, spotted with tiny lakes, or sloughs, and well treed with poplars. In the middle Forties, when the wartime golf-ball shortage was still acute, Tony learned that Bill Kerr, the pro, was paying ten cents a ball for old golf balls, which he'd repaint and sell to members at three for fifty cents. Tony, searching the sloughs and underbrush, found dozens of balls. Then he got Rudy and Ted and Wilf filling their off-school

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



*Whenever a new roomer
appeared in the street, the
women would mutter,
"I've never seen him before."*

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN
fondly remembers

Those dear, departed roomers

What's happened to them, those shadowy, elusive characters who used to move into the back bedroom and give the whole neighborhood tone?

I NOTICE IN TORONTO districts zoned as single-family areas, the roomer is becoming a political football. He's accused of running down the neighborhood, cluttering the street with his car or panel truck, lowering property values, hiking school taxes and, in general, is regarded as a second-class citizen to be stowed away in an attic or basement.

Either the politicians are lying or roomers aren't the spirited breed they were when I was a kid. They didn't live in attics or basements, they lived in the upstairs side or back bedroom and were a vital part of the community's economic life. They provided an air of mystery and gave the street social tone. I knew only one roomer who could be called a discredit to the neighborhood, and only my mother called him that. He was a short, dark fountain-equipment salesman with a plump face, bright black eyes and a gravelly voice and he and my mother became foes the first time they met. They continued to be until, two years later, he left for Vancouver, from where he sent my mother Christmas cards. One

of my boyhood recollections is that of him and my mother having verbal duels as he left for work, my mother sitting at the kitchen table and him hovering in the dark hallway with his hat on trying to get the last word and never succeeding. My mother would say haughtily she hoped he didn't get the idea that she was used to taking in roomers, and he'd say Oh well as far as that went if it came to that he supposed his family was as good as anyone else's and as a matter of fact she might be interested to learn that there was a duke back in his family and my mother would laugh breezily over her morning egg.

"Oh, I'm sure," she'd say, sitting in a halo of light reflected from the lilac bush in the back yard.

He'd do an enraged little jig on the hall carpet, start for the door and come back again with something else he'd just thought of.

But on the whole, our roomers were shadowy, elusive characters whom we always addressed formally by their last names. They came up the street at suppertime CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

OUR EIGHT-YEAR FIGHT FOR OUR DAUGHTER'S LIFE

For three years
doctors couldn't even tell us
the name of Karna's disease.
Then we learned that
it is cystic fibrosis,
a cruel and costly malady
that's one of the commonest
killers of children.
This is how we fought it
and why we're beginning to hope



By Marney Ivey

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CROYDON



BOB AND I HAVE spent most of our nine years together — and some \$20,000 — in an unrelenting battle to keep our daughter alive.

Karna, now nearly eight, is a victim of a virtually unknown yet surprisingly common child-killer. Five years ago, when Karna's case was diagnosed, I didn't even know how to spell cystic fibrosis.

I do now.

Our battle is still only partly won. Wonderful new treatments give many CF children almost normal lives . . . while they live. Now that new treatments have eased her suffering, Karna's naturally bright, cheery personality shines through the house, warming our hearts. We're happy in the knowledge that some CF children are living into their teens and beyond.

So we still have hope. And we still have Karna.

Maybe by the time she grows up medical researchers will have found a cure for this killer. At the moment it's still classed as fatal.

Money is more of a problem in cystic fibrosis than it is in most diseases. Treatments involve expensive drugs, a compressor to pump moisture-laden air into a tent to make sleep easier, and a face mask for the antibiotic mists that must be given daily. Karna's drug bills alone have been as high as \$300 a month. They still average at least \$100 a month. That \$20,000 I mentioned is a low estimate.

Even though Bob is an executive (he's with Emco Ltd.,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the stories editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

THE TITLED HANDYMEN

In their homeland
they lived in feudal luxury.
In Canada they're delivering telegrams
and tending chickens.
MARIKA ROBERT makes
a (highly informal) social call
on the tradesmen sons of the nobles
of the glittering Hapsburg court

AT A TEA PARTY of Hungarian expatriates in Toronto not long ago, an effusive woman guest saw Baron Hansi Waldbott enter the room. For years she had been hoping to meet the nobleman socially. She hurried over to him with hand outstretched.

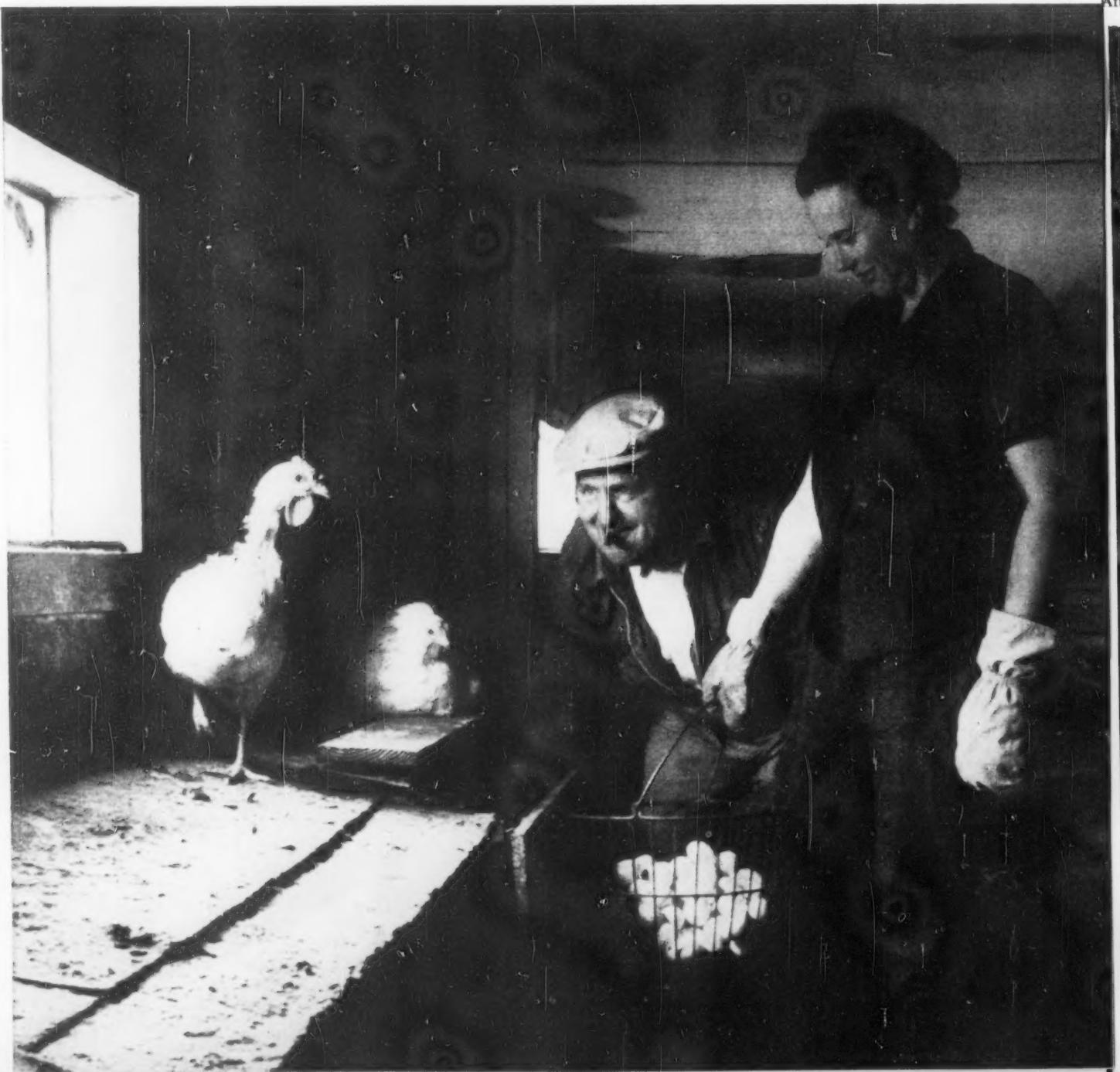
"How nice to see you, Baron Hansi!" she gushed.

"Madame," the baron replied, "this is not a social call. I work for the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, and I am here to deliver a cable to your host."

The baron is one of a coterie of titled Hungarians — some of them with royal blood — leading happy, down-to-earth and yet strangely esoteric lives in middle-class Toronto or on nearby farms.

In most European countries aristocrats lost most of their wealth and power decades ago; but in Hungary they continued to enjoy a feudal position until World War II. Palatial residences, hunting parties and festive balls were the basic ingre-

Count Charles Teleki and his wife Vera gather eggs on their chicken farm near Coborne, by Lake Ontario; in Europe, their estates totaled 28,000 acres.



FROM HUNGARY

dients of their lives. They are all distantly related to one another as members of the ruling and landowning class. Most of them left Hungary after the Communists took away their properties and privileges after World War II. In Canada, they meet socially on occasions but have never felt the need to form a close protective clique. And no other group seems to have taken more readily to the Canadian way of life.

Manual work is not beneath them; many have taken to it as they once took to polo. A Toronto housewife who admired the bulging muscles of a titled moving man who wrestled her furniture into a new home was told casually: "Yes, wasn't it fortunate that my father always sent me to Switzerland for the skiing season?"

When Count Charles Zichy was offered a "soft" \$200-a-month job with a U.S. company he had been associated with in Hungary, he refused it. "I have to feed three children and a wife," he said, "and the night shift at Massey-Harris pays

much better." At one time the Massey-Harris plant in Toronto was a hothouse of immigrant nobility. Zichy worked there for three years on the night shift. During the day, he ran a one-man transport business with an aged truck.

Zichy's cousin, Count Anthony Zichy, used to sell cigarettes and help the guests with their coats in a swank Toronto restaurant.

"The only event that ever upset me," he recalls, "was when a well-known politician was just about ready to give me a nice tip and suddenly my boss appeared and told him who I was. Naturally the politician pocketed the money and shook hands with me instead. I was furious."

Count Charles Teleki, the nephew of a former Hungarian prime minister, once worked as a doorman at the Westminster Hotel in Toronto. He remembers with a smile the times when he had to change in the car from the overalls he wore as a helper in a department store into

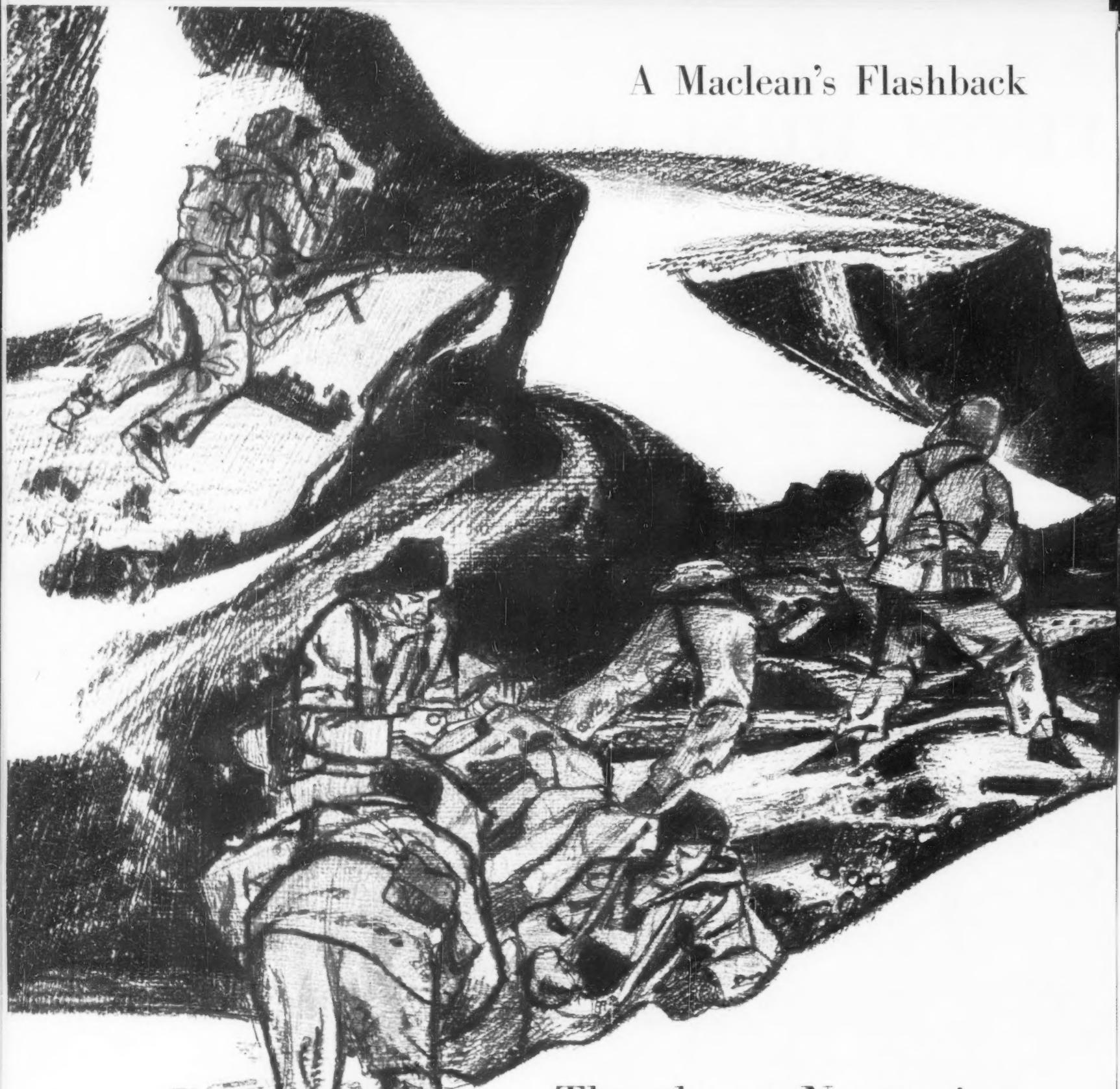
CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

00 acres

After dinner, another cigar. At their farm the Telekis' only links with their landed past are a few photographs and some silver bearing the family crest.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HORST EHREICH





A Maclean's Flashback

The eleven Norwegians
who scuttled the Nazis' bid
to build an A-bomb

BY TERENCE ROBERTSON



"It was possible from this ridge to look across the ravine and down to the top of the heavy-water plant. . . . Each man pledged that if captured he would take his death pill."

OUTSIDE THE SOLITARY blacked-out hut on a remote Scottish airfield, heavy rain added to the darkness of the night. The engines of an unarmed transport plane revved impatiently; it was nearly 1 o'clock on February 16, 1943—departure time for the six saboteurs of Operation Swallow who had been assigned to destroy Germany's hopes of being first to produce an A-bomb.

Captain Knut Haukelid, his disciplined young face pale in the stark glare of naked light bulbs, moved among his five companions checking their equipment.

Once inside enemy territory they would have to be self-sufficient. Slung about their white ski suits were revolvers, grenades, tommy-guns, special explosives, maps, currency and parachutes. In special containers were skis, toboggans, radio parts, rations and medical supplies.

The check finished, the six men glanced expectantly at Colonel J. S. Wilson, head of the Norwegian section of Special Operations Executive.

Wilson, who had been standing apart with

a civilian, stepped forward to give them a final briefing.

"Remember," he said, "that the glider paratroops who tried this attack last year suffered pretty badly after their capture. We don't want anything like that to happen to you. So if you *are* caught, take these at once. There's no other way."

Then he handed out innocent-looking yellow capsules which, when broken between the teeth and swallowed, would kill in five seconds. The men took the pills and stood dumb. Wilson, recognizing their difficulty, continued:

"Spies usually sew them into the lapels of their jackets. As your ski suits have no lapels I suggest you put them in the breast pockets of your uniforms. Just don't forget where they are."

Professor Leif Tronstad, one of Europe's foremost industrial chemists and scientific adviser to the Norwegian government-in-exile, had watched the preparations with some misgivings. He spoke to his six countrymen in their own language.

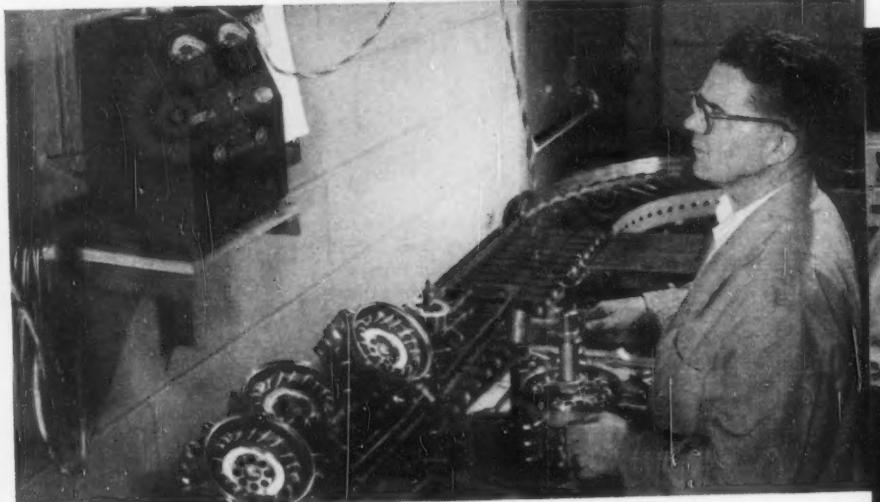
"You may not at this stage understand how

important it is to destroy the enemy's hopes of getting the atom bomb," he said. "But as one who knows a little about these things I assure you that failure in your mission could be disastrous to the Allies. Germany might win the war."

Haukelid smiled reassuringly, pulled the fur-lined hood of his ski suit over his head and led the way outside to the waiting aircraft. A few minutes later the sound of engines faded in the distance and Colonel Wilson revealed his personal feelings for the first time. "They'll be dead within a week," he said.

Above the rain clouds over the North Sea, a full-moon illuminated the flight of the Swallows—six young Norwegians returning to their occupied homeland as a result of decisions made by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. The two war leaders were acutely conscious that a race had developed for the atom bomb, a race the Allies could not be sure of winning. This made it overwhelmingly important to start producing experimental bombs immediately. Equally imperative was the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Building long life into appliances at the Frigidaire plant in Scarborough, Ontario, this specially trained operator—constantly checking sensitive magnetic centering gauges—skillfully aligns refrigeration pumps and motors. Craftsmanship like this and the watch-like precision of all Frigidaire parts explain why you can expect your Frigidaire appliance to go on working year after year with the reliability that only General Motors quality can give.

Correct wheel balance means safer, easier steering and longer tire life for every GM car and truck. That's why GM Research developed this ingenious machine shown in operation at the General Motors plant in Oshawa. Operated by highly-skilled technicians, the machine sets positive wheel alignment, correct from every angle. It's but one of hundreds of special machine-technician combinations at GM all working to give you General Motors quality—the best there is.

Enjoy the taste of GM quality

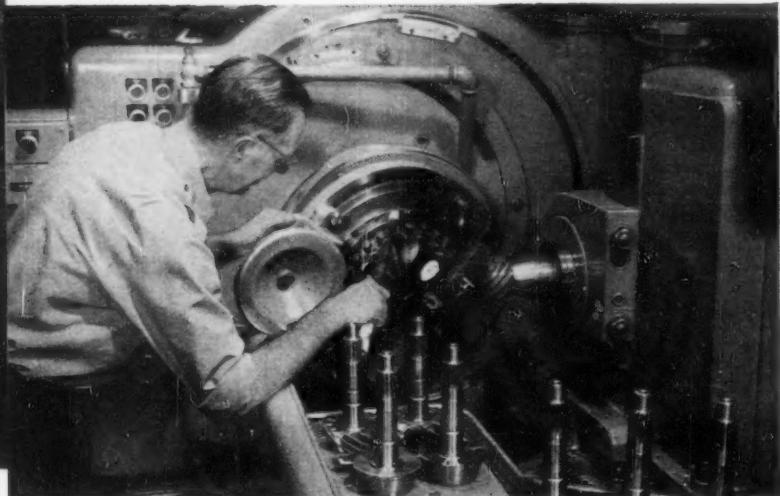
Ummmm! Done to your taste. Just as you knew it would be. It's good to have the kind of quality in your home that GM builds into Frigidaire appliances.

Quality is the extra value that comes to you in everything from General Motors. Cars and trucks, Diesel equipment and Frigidaire products... they all are known for the same high standard. A standard of quality achieved at every stage—in planning, in design and on the production line—by putting

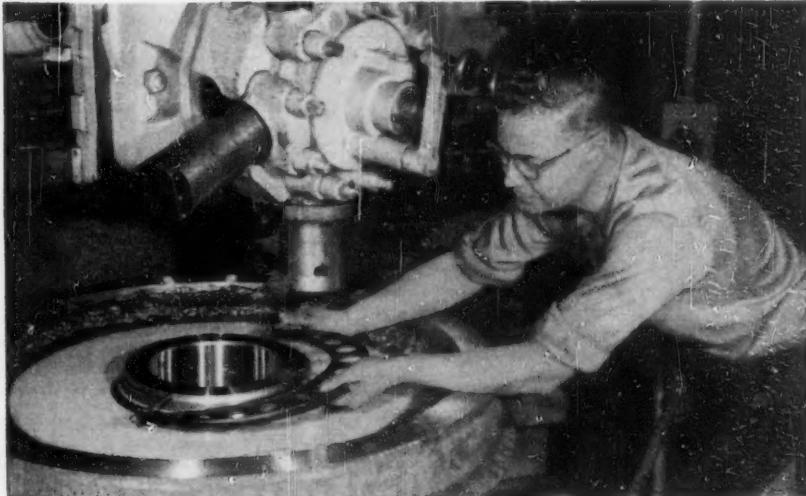
more care, more pride, into everything we do.

All of this effort is designed to make sure our products pass, and keep on passing, the in-use test. To make sure, for instance, that when you take your roast from the oven of your Frigidaire range it is exactly as you want it—so that you and your whole family can enjoy the taste that GM quality helped create.

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Locomotive wheels at the General Motors Diesel plant in London, Ontario, are painstakingly machined to the most precise measurements to produce perfect balance and maximum strength. This is the care taken in every step of locomotive building at GM Diesel. It is the care that builds GM quality—quality that assures Canada's railroads of the long-lasting life and strength of every GM Diesel unit that pulls their trains.

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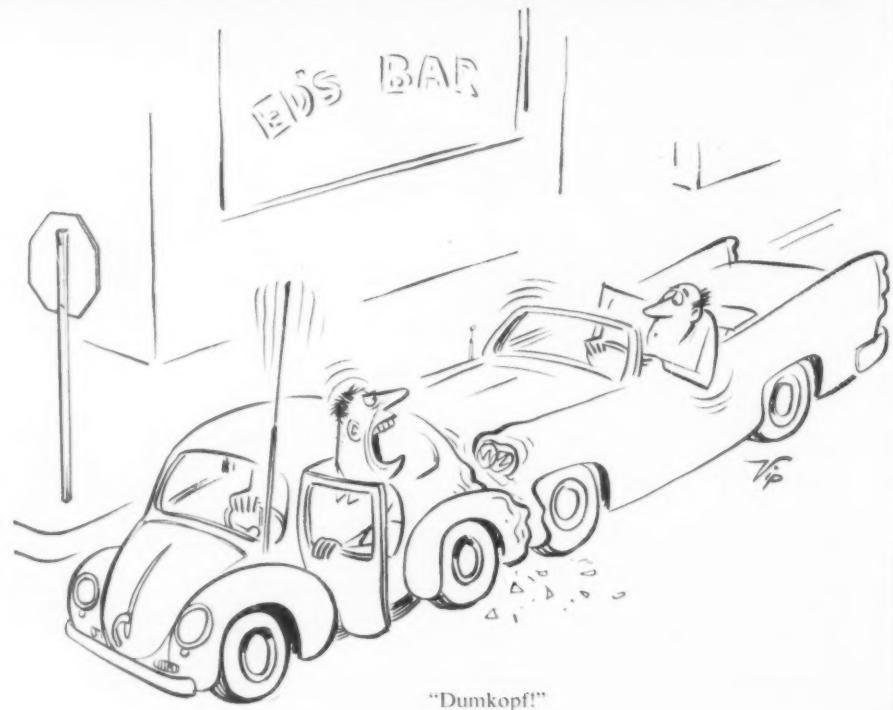
The McKinnon Industries, Limited
St. Catharines

Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited
Scarborough

General Motors Diesel Limited
London



"It's the people downstairs again."



"Dumkopf!"

Sweet & sour with Virgil Partch

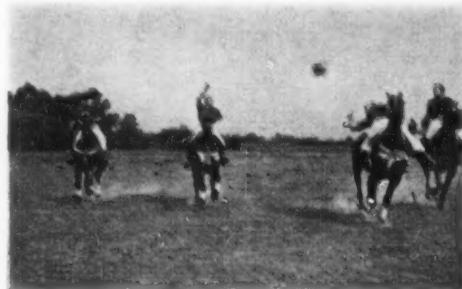


"Okay, babe. Let 'er rip!"

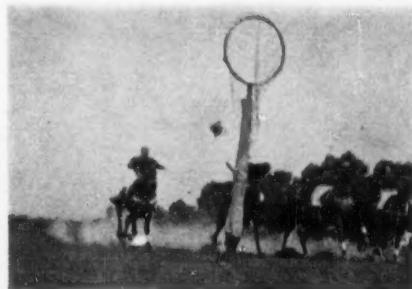


Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Breakneck riders invite disaster in Argentina's galloping basketball



2. "Yelling like gauchos on the pampas, some Buenos Aires sportsmen initiated me to Pato with a vengeance. I'm no stranger to horses, but with Pato I never got a chance to catch my breath from start to finish."



3. "Trying for a field goal, I had to charge through the pack and let fly at the net without applying the brakes. No wonder I missed. When my hosts suggested a real match, I bowed out. As far as I'm concerned, Pato is a spectator sport."

1. "Outlawed for a century because of its threat to life and limb, a mounted scrummage with a leather ball is now the national sport of Argentina. It's called Pato. On a trip to South America via Pan American World Airways, I found what a rough game Pato can be," writes George Noren, a friend of Canadian Club. "Severe penalties keep injuries down. But to scoop up the ball at a gallop, you have to be expert or reckless. Even a practice session set a murderous pace for me."

4. "Wild horses couldn't have kept me sidelined from the post-game *saluds*. I found my South American friends every bit as partial to Canadian Club as I am."

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN: Emerging from a reconnaissance tour of the London sewers, a disgruntled retired colonel (Jack Hawkins) carefully recruits seven shady and broke ex-officers for a perfect crime, a bank robbery ideally suited to their various military skills. What results is a tense and often quite witty comedy-thriller, one of Britain's most enjoyable cinematic exports. Implausibility and raw coincidence weaken the conclusion but the film's merits easily outweigh its defects. Nigel Patrick, Richard Attenborough and Roger Livesey are among the plotters.

CRACK IN THE MIRROR: Although well acted in spots, this is a murky and pretentious parable about a Paris murder case and two levels of adultery. Each of the three stars — Orson Welles, Juliette Greco, Bradford Dillman — is required to play two parts, but the dual roles contribute nothing to the goings-on.

THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE BANK OF ENGLAND: Another complicated "perfect crime" yarn from the British studios. An American cracksman (Aldo Ray) helps a group of Irish home-rulers in a scheme to deal a fiscal body-blow to John Bull at the turn of the century. Newcomer Peter O'Toole expertly portrays an affable Guards officer who is less stupid than he seems. Rating: fair.

OSCAR WILDE: This film and **The Trials of Oscar Wilde**, rushed into production simultaneously by rival companies, both dramatize the final years in the life of the dissolute wit whose degradations scandalized Victorian England. Wilde and his unscrupulous boy-friend, Lord Alfred Douglas, are played by Robert Morley and John Neville in the **Oscar** picture and by Peter Finch and John Fraser in **Trials**. Each is worth seeing but the Finch-Fraser entry is the winner by a nose in this unusual derby.

PAY OR DIE: A suspenseful crime yarn based on the real-life exploits of a valiant Italian-American policeman (played by Ernest Borgnine) who sacrificed himself in an effort to destroy the Mafia. Rating: good.

WILD RIVER: Two novels by different authors were woven into a single screenplay by dramatist Paul Osborn. The stitching sometimes shows too plainly but director Elia Kazan has put a lot of taste and vitality into the combined story, which deals with Uncle Sam's efforts to reduce southern flood damages by building a series of dams along the Tennessee River during the Great Depression. The effective cast includes Jo Van Fleet, Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick and Albert Salmi.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: Comedy-drama. Fair.

All the Fine Young Cannibals: Modern Texas drama. Poor.

Black Orpheus: Poetic drama. Good.

The Bramble Bush: "Adult" drama. Fair.

Chance Meeting: Suspense drama. Good.

Conspiracy of Hearts: Drama. Good.

The Cossacks: Adventure drama. Poor.

A Dog of Flanders: Drama. Good.

Fate of a Man: Russian drama. Good.

The 400 Blows: French drama about childhood. Excellent.

The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.

The Gallant Hours: Navy drama. Fair.

Heller in Pink Tights: Comedy-drama of Wild West showbiz. Good.

I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.

Kidnapped: Adventure drama. Good.

A Man Escaped: Suspense. Excellent.

Man on a String: Spy drama. Good.

Masters of the Congo Jungle: African documentary story. Excellent.

Odds Against Tomorrow: Drama. Good.

Our Man in Havana: Spy comedy. Good.

Peeping Tom: Sadistic horror. Poor.

Pollyanna: Comedy-drama. Good.

The Rat Race: Comedy-drama. Good.

Rosemary: Adult comedy-drama from Germany. Good.

Seven Thieves: Crime drama. Good.

Take a Giant Step: Drama. Fair.

Tall Story: Campus comedy. Fair.

The Third Voice: Crime drama. Fair.

Toby Tyler: Circus adventure. Good.

A Touch of Larceny: Comedy. Good.

Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.

The Unforgiven: Western drama. Good.

Wake Me When It's Over: Comedy. Fair.

Who Was That Lady? Comedy. Fair.

Our eight-year fight for our daughter's life

Continued from page 19

plumbing-supply manufacturers), we find the drugs, travel and equipment a constant and heavy drain. Yet we are fortunate we haven't been bankrupted like some families with smaller incomes.

Even worse, we know families where, we feel strongly, lack of money — combined with ignorance — has meant death for CF youngsters. Frightening expense, ignorance, fear, heartache and bewilderment, all these we have known since Karna was born.

Though both of us dislike the personal publicity, we agreed I should tell our story, feeling it will bring knowledge — and hope — to other parents of CF children. We do so knowing that Karna is an avid reader, with a photographic memory and an understanding beyond her years. We can cope with this problem if we feel the article will create public interest in the Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation.

I suppose our story begins in England in 1951. I was an airline hostess with Pan American on the trans-Atlantic routes. I'm of Finnish descent and my maiden name was Karna. Bob was manager of the English office of the company. We met five miles up over the Atlantic.

Our courtship was conducted against a succession of flight deadlines. We met in more airports than we can remember. We were married in the fall of 1951, and we lived in England for a time. Then we settled down in London, Ontario, in the ninety-year-old farmhouse where Bob was born.

Just two months after we moved into the house Karna arrived, in September, 1952. She was a lovely baby with red hair, blue eyes and a beautiful soft complexion. We were proud parents.

Pleased as we were, I had moments of worry and doubt, for Karna wasn't exactly a happy baby. In her first few months she had what was described as colic, among other things. Her tummy was continuously distended, and her navel had to be dressed and taped regularly. It was difficult to find a formula

that suited her and she cried all the time, day and night.

Because this was my first child, I quieted my fears by telling myself that my imagination was making a mountain out of a molehill.

The doctors couldn't seem to pinpoint anything. They kept shifting formulas, taking tests and generally trying to make Karna more comfortable. As she recovered from the first bad session, life moved a little more back to normal. But during the winter of 1953-54, when I was carrying our second child, Karna's condition worsened. She got pneumonia and she was in bed most of the time. She'd be in bed three weeks, up one and then ill again for another two or three weeks.

By June, when Charles was born, Karna was over the worst of the pneumonia and on her feet. But she was still pitifully thin. She could walk only ten minutes without resting and couldn't seem to stand the heat.

Struggling through the summer, we looked ahead to autumn with new dread. As we feared, cold weather brought new attacks of bronchitis and pneumonia. Karna's wasted little body became thinner, though we hadn't thought that possible. She ate ravenously, almost wolfishly, but most of it passed right through her.

Then one day she had a prolapse of the rectum; the pressure of her distended abdomen simply pushed the intestines outside the body. I almost lost my ebbing bits of self-control. The doctor was most helpful. He taught me how to cope with that by showing me how to force the intestines back through the rectum into the body.

I was close to a nervous breakdown by spring. Still no one could tell us what was wrong with our daughter.

Finally Bob got a nurse and sent me off to New York for a brief rest, hoping I'd relax a little. I was barely there when Bob phoned. Karna's tonsils had to come out; she was going into the Hos-



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MEN**



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...and enjoy Canada's mellowest ale!



pital for Sick Children in Toronto. I rushed home. The tonsils came out but Karna stayed on for more tests. Finally, one balmy day in May, we were ushered into an office where a gentle doctor faced what must be the medical profession's most difficult task. He told us our child had a fatal disease, cystic fibrosis. Though a few victims lived into their teens, it was almost inevitable that Karna would not live to be five. She was just two and a half.

We had to leave Karna for more tests. We drove home numb. We were stunned by the fate that seemed to await our lovely Karna.

We had learned a lot about cystic fibrosis that afternoon. In the months that followed we read everything we could find about it.

What was happening to Karna was a complex situation stemming from a disorder in various parts of the body. Her tiny lungs were gradually filling with thick, sticky mucus, instead of normal thin fluid. You and I quickly cough up the mucus that collects in our lungs. Karna couldn't. At the same time enzymes secreted by the pancreas couldn't get to the intestines because mucus was clogging the ducts. Though the child was eating voraciously, she was starving to death. The undigested food was bloating her tummy.

Our two-year search to find out what was wrong with Karna was typical of the plight of many parents of CF children, though the disease is now much more likely to be diagnosed promptly than it was five years ago.

Well, now we knew what it was, anyway. That was something.

When we went to get Karna, our hearts were lumps in our throats. I suppose now that we knew what was wrong, we looked at her in a slightly different way. Before, we were frightened and frustrated; we were unable to do anything for her because of our ignorance. Now we still had the fear but we had knowledge, too, and with knowledge we could fight for each day's life for our child.

Poor Karna looked exactly like the pictures in magazines of children for whom CARE seeks donations. Her tummy was so bloated it was difficult to find clothes to fit her. Her legs and arms were spindly and her face thin and wan. The dry, hacking cough went on and on. We braced ourselves for a long fight.

In 1955 the treatments for cystic fibrosis were not too helpful. We were fortunate in having Dr. Alan Brown — whose name will always be linked with Sick Kids' hospital — take over Karna's case. I've always felt we owed her life to his understanding of a little-known disease.

She was given artificial enzymes as substitutes for the natural body enzymes. Though they're not as efficient as those of the body, they did enable Karna to convert some of the food she ate into energy. She was also put on a special high-protein, low-fat diet. For four years she ate four or five meals a day. At dinner she always had at least six courses, served separately. She ate liver, kidney, chicken or fish at every meal and steak at least once a day. Today, the better artificial enzymes allow her to eat fairly normal meals.

At night we kept her in a room where a steam vaporizer bubbled continuously. Doctors suggested that a milder climate would probably help, so Bob's parents took her to Florida. She seemed better. So, each year for three years, as cold weather came, our household broke up. Karna and I headed south. One year we tried Arizona but

the dry air there didn't help. In fact it was harmful.

But winter after winter we came through to spring thankful that we'd won another year of time and still praying that somewhere, somehow, someone would find an answer to cystic fibrosis.

Without knowing exactly what was happening, and without being aware of treatments being developed by medical researchers, we had stumbled on a combination that in concentrated form was later to give our child and thousands like her a more normal life. It was the damp air — damp air with a touch of salt in it, moistening the aching, coughing lungs, thinning the mucus in the choked tubes. During one cold winter in Florida, when we were shivering in temperatures between 50 and 60 degrees, Karna was better than she had been in London at 70 degrees.

Toward the end of 1958, our third child was born. It was another boy, James, as chubby and full of energy as his brother. Cystic fibrosis doesn't always show up at once and there was a gnawing fear in my heart — and in Bob's — that the boy might not be as fortunate as his brother, who was free of the disease and had been born before Karna's case was diagnosed.

Several tests have been developed in

recent years to identify cystic fibrosis. Without telling me — I'd have been a nervous wreck waiting — Bob sent sweat specimens for analysis. The day before Christmas he got the results back, read them and brought them to me. Jimmy was normal.

We looked at each other through tears of happiness. Neither of us wanted anything more than Christmas.

Last year there was a big step forward. Bob and I had become interested in the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation in the United States and in the Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, then being formed. We both went to the national convention of the U.S. group in Philadelphia. There we heard about a brilliant Cleveland physician who was getting almost miraculous results in treating CF children.

When we got home we stopped only long enough to buy plane tickets across Lake Erie to Cleveland.

Dr. LeRoy W. Matthews is a dark, wiry man. He and his wife have adopted five children. He's on the staff of the Babies' and Children's Division of the University Hospitals of Cleveland. He was taking in scores of CF children, and keeping them alive. In three years, even though he took in the most advanced cases, eight out of ten of his patients

were improved. Many of them were beginning to lead normal lives. The other two out of ten were unchanged or worse. In a few instances, the child died. This was a far cry from the "death before five" that we faced.

Karna was there six weeks. She came home substantially improved. She's taking new enzymes, and they do a better job of digesting her food. Three times a day she sits with an oxygen mask on her face for ten minutes, a mask much like the gas masks of World War II. This aerosol equipment allows her to breathe a fine mist of antibiotics deep into her lungs, putting the germ-killing drugs right down at the seat of the infection and at the same time moistening the lining of the lung and diluting the thick mucus. Then, after each of these treatments, Karna tips her body over to a forty-five-degree angle while I slap her chest, two minutes front, two minutes back and two minutes each side. The drugs, moisture and slaps combine to loosen the mucus and clear her lungs for another few hours.

Down in the basement, an air compressor, a smaller version of those that build up air for your car tires, pumps away all night, sending air through a lifeline Bob has strung to Karna's room. The air pressure, hissing through a nozzle, breaks up water and a wetting agent into a fine mist.

Inside her small plastic tent, Karna sleeps normally. The first night she slept in her mist tent, we didn't. It was too quiet. For the first time in years we did not sleep to a background of dry coughing.

Today Karna is living a more normal life — and so are Bob and I and our sons. It is not easy to keep a marriage running smoothly through months-long separations every year and this kind of emotional heartpulling.

Karna goes to a private school, partly to lessen the number of children from whom she can get a lung or other infection. She cheerfully discusses her ailment with other youngsters, so much so that when the children gave money for charity last year, they wanted Karna to send it, on their behalf, to the Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation.

Next to watching Karna's health like a hawk, our chief interest is the foundation. It was formed last year to help victims of the disease and their parents. Its aims are to provide a place for parents to talk over their problems, to circulate information on available treatments, to provide knowledge for parents and doctors, to encourage research into the causes and possible cures for the disease, to raise funds for research, and to seek some relief for parents from the crushing financial burden of equipment and drugs.

Clinics have been established at hospitals in Halifax, Montreal and Toronto, and others are being organized in Winnipeg and Vancouver. We think the rapid advance made by the Canadian foundation reflects the devoted assistance of the medical staff of the Cystic Fibrosis Clinic at Sick Kids' hospital in Toronto and the other clinics.

Bob is treasurer of the national foundation. I'm vice-president of the London branch. We'd urge you to search out your local CF branch. The people there will welcome any encouragement you can offer, believe me.

As for us, we're in this fight until cystic fibrosis is beaten as a child killer — in the way diphtheria, pneumonia, meningitis and now polio have been beaten.

With faith, it can be done. ★

CYSTIC FIBROSIS:

It's almost unheard of — even some doctors can't identify it — but it kills more children than polio

Cystic fibrosis, an inherited disease, afflicts an estimated 500 to 750 children in Canada every year. Until a few years ago, almost every victim died in infancy. Today, new medical techniques are keeping many victims alive — when the disease is recognized in time, which is not always the case.

Specialists admit the estimate of incidence is uncertain, since many deaths from the disease are attributed to pneumonia or cirrhosis of the liver. The condition is sometimes identified as colic, allergy, bronchitis, tuberculosis, celiac disease or a disease of the heart or digestive tract.

So little is known of the disease that it still has no listing of its own in Canada's official death statistics. But even at the lowest estimate, cystic fibrosis is known to kill more children than polio, pneumonia or meningitis. Its victims are exceeded in number only by those who die in accidents or of cancer.

A Toronto pediatrician who specializes in CF cases says, "Cystic fibrosis is still not recognized by many general practitioners. At one time practically all cystics died by the age of two or three; now they live to five or six on the average. But we think we can treat them now so they can live a normal life, provided an early diagnosis is made."

The disease causes mucous glands to produce a thick secretion that chokes the lungs, pancreas and other organs. The symptoms were first described in a 1938 paper

by a New York doctor, Dorothy Andersen, and cystic fibrosis was recognized as a disease in 1942. The condition was called cystic fibrosis because the first known symptom was a cystic degeneration of the pancreas, followed by scarring or fibrosis of the tissue. It is now known that all the body's mucous glands can be involved.

One child in four born to parents who are carriers of CF genes is afflicted by the disease. Recent Canadian research indicates that carriers can be detected in many cases by analysis of their sweat, which has a much higher salt content than normal sweat. Carriers don't suffer from the disease, but they may sweat heavily.

The disease takes two main courses:

One is blockage of the pancreas. The flow of enzymes into the digestive tract is prevented, and the victim can't absorb fats or proteins. He is undernourished and tends to be dwarfed. This can be counteracted by feeding him granules that contain the missing enzymes, plus massive doses of vitamins.

The other is infection of the lungs. The child may get acute pneumonia which, while not usually fatal, often progresses to a chronic chest disease such as bronchiectasis, in which the bronchial tubes fill with infected sputum. To keep the chest clear, CF children must take antibiotics constantly and often have to sleep or even live in special tents. The treatment is expensive — the tent alone costs \$400. —FERGUS CRONIN.

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The titled handymen from Hungary

Continued from page 21

"One of my little girls asked me if she could wear a crown when she grows up," a count says

the black suit that was his uniform for the night job. His duty was to prevent drunks and streetwalkers from entering the lobby.

Baron Albin Benz, whose grandfather was the leader of the Hungarian House of Lords, serves drinks in a private club. His wife thinks it hilarious that he should be able to make money at it when at home he couldn't carry a glass of water three steps without spilling half of its contents.

Some of the émigrés occasionally respond to the greeting "Hi, Count" from acquaintances. But few except their closest friends know about their past, and no one but another Middle European can appreciate the odd position of the Hungarian nobility in the New World.

"I am always slightly embarrassed if my past comes up in Canadian company," Charles Zichy remarks. "I feel people must think me a liar — or a fool for having lost all that wealth. Luckily it seldom does come up. I am known to all my neighbors as 'Charlie the real estate man'."

The name fits perfectly. Ever since he gave up moving furniture, Zichy has seen the world exclusively through the eyes of a real estate salesman. It didn't take him long to adapt himself to the way of thinking of his new home. When

at the beginning of his Canadian stay he was approached by two solemn Hungarians and asked to be second in a duel he refused to waste his time on "such a nonsense" unless they paid him his regular hourly rate.

He lives with his wife, Andrea, the daughter of a former Hungarian ambassador to England, and three children in a Scarborough housing development ("Most of the houses here were sold by me," he says with glowing pride.), enjoys fishing and playing bridge with his neighbors and working in his recreation room. The only hobby he has kept from his past is hunting.

Do the children know about the family title? "They do and don't," says Zichy. "One of my little girls asked me once whether she could wear a crown when she grows up. But that was long ago. Today she is interested only in her studies."

It seems that children are more often ashamed than proud of their ancestry. They find it sometimes uncomfortable to have immigrants — even noble ones — for parents.

Whether a title is considered a handicap or an advantage depends largely on the circles that consider it. Count Max Hoyos, a handsome thirty-one-year-old bachelor, says he thinks snobbery is as

much present in the universities or upper-middle-class society here as it is anywhere else. Even so he prefers to keep his past a secret. Not many of his friends know that his family, which is of Spanish origin, goes back to 980 A.D. and that an ancestor of his was a guest at the memorable party at Mayerling during which there occurred that abiding historical mystery — the death of Crown Prince Rudolf and Countess Marie Vetsera.

"It is not my title but my education for which I feel thankful," says Hoyos. He learned his flawless English from a British governess whom his family concealed on their estate during World War II. (Many other foreigners and dozens of Jews were hidden by the Hungarian aristocrats, most of whom were strongly pro-Western and bitterly anti-Nazi.)

From the lodge to the stables

Indeed nothing could have been more important to the Hungarian nobility than the acquiring and appreciation of culture. Since they had very little else to do, they spent the better part of their life reading and studying.

Countess Maya, the lovely blond wife of Anthony Zichy, recalls that she never had a spare moment as a teenager. She was always kept busy with languages, sewing, drawing, and other studies. For relaxation there was riding or hunting.

Her husband was brought up with horses on a property that included three thousand acres of hunting grounds and a twenty-seven-room lodge. Later on, when the new Hungarian regime took away his land, he became a trotting-horse trainer and race driver in Budapest. In Canada he found familiar sur-

roundings in the stables he cleaned as part of his first job. Today he is a social worker, his wife a bank clerk. Instead of dozens of rooms they have to do with two, yet they seem just as happy.

Maya's father, Count Géza Mailáth, a silver-haired bohemian in his sixties, joined them after the Hungarian uprising. He is in forced retirement now and he dislikes it. Before his escape from the Communists he had a variety of jobs in Hungary. At one time he worked on a ferryboat in Budapest. "I claimed to be an experienced mariner so they hired me for selling tickets," he says. "It was a good job. You can steal thirty percent of the money," the captain had instructed me. 'This is the usual routine. If you don't it might throw off the books.'"

Later he was tutor to a doctor's family. "This was even better," he says. "Only that monster of a boy insisted that I ride a bicycle with him eight hours a day. I found it tiresome."

His greatest wish is to sell antiques in Canada but he hasn't got the capital for the business.

The newest addition to the Hungarian nobility in Canada is probably Baron Benz who, with his wife Gaby and son Otto, arrived in Toronto less than a year ago from Paris, his wife's birthplace. Baron Benz is one of the few Hungarian noblemen who was in business before he left Hungary. After he spent his family inheritance he opened an espresso café. He didn't do much work in it, he says, but he used to go in for drinks in the evening. Now that he has become a waiter, he often wishes he'd observed the serving habits of his employees more carefully.

Being out of Hungary means perhaps even more to the Benzes than to other



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immigrants. Shortly after their escape they heard about the trial of Edgar Sanders, the British businessman who was subsequently imprisoned for spying for the West. Baron and Baroness Benz were mentioned in the trial as being part of a spy ring.

"Sanders was a frequent guest in our espresso," says Benz. "Naturally we didn't know about his activities, let alone help him, but we would no doubt have confessed if the Communists had laid hands on us."

The Hungarian nobility remains faithful to some old traditions. In this they somewhat resemble the Russian immigrants of the twenties. In Toronto, one group of Massey-Harris workers used to assemble on their days off, dressed in dinner jackets and evening gowns, and hold a traditional party with gypsy music, csardás and whatnot. It went on until daybreak and sometimes longer.

"My first investment after I got that job on the night shift was a dinner jacket," recalls Anthony Zichy. "In those days we had a wonderful gypsy in Toronto. Unfortunately he moved to Montreal. Now we have to use records, and it's not quite the same."

Although they associate with people from all walks of life, there are certain occasions when the guest list is carefully screened. Then it's not enough to have a title; it must be the right title. For there is an instant link between the aristocrats of standing—no matter where they come from—and members of the petty nobility are often made aware that they aren't in the same boat.

Canadianized as they may be in everything else, some mothers would still prefer to have their daughters marry within the nobility. It is said of a certain countess that even though her daughter doesn't yet go to school she has already prepared a list of all the available noble youths who would be acceptable as a husband.

Some families are more concerned with tradition than others. Count Charles Teleki and his wife, Vera, who operate a chicken farm near Colborne, Ont., feel no need for it at all. The count, a small, stout and witty man, says his family shed their past completely when they were reborn in 1953 in Canada. Seeing them in their shabby blue jeans feeding the chickens, washing eggs, painting house walls and installing the plumbing, or driving to town in their 1950 Chevrolet (called appropriately Old Rattlesnake), no one could suspect that they once lived in a castle with ninety-nine rooms, each one containing enough valuables for a small museum.

Their present home is a far cry from those surroundings. It was built by one of the early settlers and not many renovations had been made to it before the Telekis moved in. The weeds were knee-high in the living room, the ceiling was falling down, birds were nesting in the kitchen and a family of snakes inhabited the front porch. The fifty-seven servants the Telekis used to have at home would have come in handy to clean up the mess, but the count and his wife managed to do it on their own.

"I would never want to have servants again," says Vera Teleki. "It's so much simpler this way. You just do what you think should be done. Besides, once you have seen what it's like on the other side of the fence it doesn't seem right to live the way we used to."

She is a tall, fair-haired woman whose face portrays an ageless beauty and a certain spontaneous courage—a quality that makes it seem perfectly natural that in the after-war turmoil she should have given birth to her smallest daughter

without professional assistance. "There was a midwife in the house," she says, "but she was fast asleep after performing in some Easter passion plays and I didn't think I should wake her."

Vera Teleki is the daughter of an Austrian university professor and a Polish countess, and her life on her husband's twenty-eight-thousand-acre estate was different from what it is now. It consisted of riding with a groom, discussions with the chef and the gardener, informal lunches with visitors from the neighboring estates and very formal dinner parties, hunting and travel. But she insists she likes getting up at six and working till late at night in and around the house as long as she knows that her husband and their children are healthy and satisfied.

Of the Telekis' eight children, only the youngest, Vera (called Dudy), lives at home. The others are either married or attending school or university in Canada or the United States. The thirteen-year-old Dudy is a wholesome doe-eyed Canadian teenager; perhaps more obedient and

NOW THAT I KNOW

Now that today confronts me,
Now that I know the score,
I shouldn't have worried
as much as I did —
But more!

THOMAS USK

better mannered than some of her friends, but just as crazy about rock 'n' roll.

The knowledge of their noble blood affects the young Telekis in different ways. The eldest are proud of it. To the next group it doesn't mean much. The two smallest complain about being teased at school. His youngest son, says Teleki, came home very upset one day.

"Please, Daddy, let's change our name to something more Canadian," he begged his father.

"I think we might as well stick to it," said Teleki. "After all, we've had it for six hundred years."

Dudy's friends occasionally make fun of her because she once suggested that she was related to Queen Elizabeth II. Actually she is. The late Queen Mary's great-grandmother, Claudine Rhédey, who is buried in Transylvania, and the count's grandmother, Maria Rhédey, were members of the same family.

However, few people know this. In Colborne the Telekis are referred to as "nice, hard-working people—quite cultured too." This is more than true. Beside having a doctorate in law, the count is a graduate of a business college. Occasionally he feels sorry that he couldn't acquire a few more diplomas but it so happened that his great-uncle, Samuel, whose hobby was finding lakes in East Africa (he discovered two large ones and named them Rudolf and Stefanie, after Crown Prince Rudolf and his wife), died and left Charles a twenty-three-thousand-acre property. The controlling of this vast estate—and the five thousand acres he already owned—didn't leave the count much time for attending university lectures.

With the land he inherited about a hundred people, whose well-being became his responsibility. According to the patriarchal system in some parts of feudal Hungary, the landowner had to provide

his tenants with food, clothing, homes, medical care and other welfare services. Nearly all the goods the farmers needed were manufactured on the property, which included a flour mill, a sawmill, wine cellars, forests and livestock. The estate even produced its own wool.

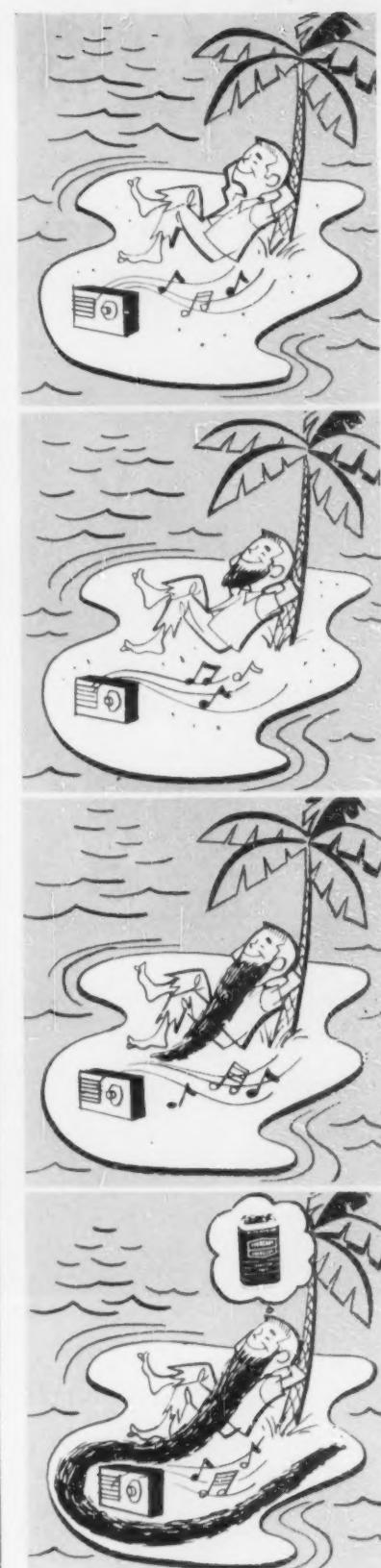
The end of this little autonomous world came on a day in 1944 when Charles was informed by a German soldier that they had all better clear out because the Russian army was at hand and the Germans intended to blow up parts of his property in ten minutes. What remained intact after the explosion was ransacked by the advancing Russians. They chopped up the furniture in the castle and fed the stoves with it. They slit holes in the Persian rugs and used them as mats in their jeeps. They let out the wine from the barrels and took everything they could carry. There wasn't much left for the local mob, which had to satisfy itself with cutting down the eight-hundred-year-old oaks in the garden. "That hurt the most," says the countess.

The Telekis fled to western Hungary and later crossed the border one by one to assemble in Austria. Here there occurred what Teleki considers the worst nightmare of all. His wallet, containing the false identification papers he had obtained with the greatest difficulty for crossing from the Eastern into the Western zone, was stolen on the train. Somehow he managed to clear himself and later heard that the Russians were looking for a Joseph Bauer (that was his assumed name) and had managed to catch him. He still wonders who it was they caught.

Close shaves like this were not uncommon in Teleki's life before he left Hungary, but some miracle always saved him. Charged by the Communists with a string of twenty-three crimes, any one of which would have been enough to put a count out of the way, he was released at the personal request of a Russian commander. By one of those incredible coincidences that make truth stranger than fiction, it turned out that years before the Russian had been in Budapest, where his wife became seriously ill. Vera had met him and had taken time to console him. He didn't forget it.

On another occasion a group of Yugoslav partisans stood Teleki up against a wall and would have shot him in a minute if it hadn't been for the memory of his uncle. Count Paul Teleki, a wartime premier of Hungary, had signed a treaty with Yugoslavia; when the Nazis forced his government to dishonor it in 1941 he preferred to commit suicide. The partisan leader was so pleased to meet a nephew of the great man that he immediately dropped his rifle when he heard his victim's name and rushed over to shake hands.

After all these adventures the Telekis are happy to be at peace. Both of them had visited Canada before and they say it was partly their memories of this country that made them settle here, even though most of their relatives live in other countries. The English language was not new to them. Vera, who speaks with hardly any accent, used to be an interpreter in Austria. The count says he didn't have much chance to speak English at home since most of his friends spoke French or German. One of the few occasions when he could make use of his knowledge of English occurred in 1918 on the Italian front when a lost British soldier approached him in the woods. Charles was so happy to show off his English that instead of capturing the soldier he carefully instructed him



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on how to get back to his own battalion.

Since Vera's native tongue is German, the Telekis use three languages around the house. But when he's selling eggs from door to door the count can occasionally brush up on his French too. He recalls a French-Canadian housewife who was so glad of an opportunity to chat in French in an English-speaking community that she invited him into their house to meet her husband. There was a beautiful Steinway piano in the living room and in the course of conversation Teleki asked permission to play a few tunes.

He plays well; so well that when he was ready to leave his hostess asked him to take the piano with him as a gift. "You can make so much better use of it than we can," she insisted. He took it gratefully.

The relations between the Telekis and their neighbors are friendly. They exchange plants, appliances and advice. The only thing that puzzles the neighbors is why the Telekis constantly renovate their house when they don't want to sell it. By now it is in fairly good shape, although some of the walls are still cracked and of the five bedrooms only three can be used. Until last year they had no electricity, no hot water, no sink in the kitchen and no proper roads leading to the house. But step by step, doing everything alone, they are acquiring the basic comforts. The process was slowed down by their wish to spend the little money they could spare from the farm on the education of their children. Consequently, while the eighteen hundred chickens enjoy most of the luxuries of modern civilization, up till now the Telekis had to get along without a bathroom (they had twelve in the castle) and can only dream about a furnace and a fireplace.

"But," says Vera Teleki, "we have one thing most people haven't, the certainty that when we grow old our children will do for us what we did for them."

The only luxury they've allowed themselves is a TV set, bought last year. "This has put us in the social register," laughs the count (not one of these aristocrats has ever been offered space in the Canadian blue book, a fact that disturbs them not at all. In fact, most of

them are unaware of the register's existence.)

Not many souvenirs of the Telekis' past can be found among the second-hand furniture and the abundance of flowers that fill their present home. They have a few photographs of paintings on the wall. They show bearded gentlemen dressed in the fashion of the 1600s and 1700s — ancestors who ruled Transylvania, fought the Turks, or lived at the court of the Hapsburg Empress Maria Theresa. They have a couple of pictures of their former residence: rooms adorned with elephant tusks, antlers, sables, antiques and Oriental carpets. They managed to smuggle out a set of silver flatware bearing the family crest; it made the salesmen at Birks in Toronto all excited when the countess took it in for cleaning.

One of the souvenirs Teleki treasures most is a 1938 copy of the National Geographic Magazine sent to him five years ago by a friend who has lived here for decades. In this copy a certain Dorothy Hosmer Lee describes her stay in the Teleki castle. An American tourist bicycling in Central Europe, she got lost on the road and walked into the count's domain to ask for directions. The hospitable count invited her to stay for a while. Mrs. Lee was so enchanted by the life in the castle that she stayed for a month and on her return wrote a story about it. When the count obtained the copy he checked into Mrs. Lee's whereabouts, found her with the help of the magazine and has conducted a lively correspondence with her ever since.

Mrs. Lee thinks it terrible that the Telekis have lost everything; but the count doesn't agree with her. He is perfectly happy the way he is, he explains. His children are here, they are getting a good education; he and his wife have their work and their books to keep them from being nostalgic. Instead of looking at the past the Telekis prefer to look at the well-kept lawns, the rock gardens made of stones gathered in Lake Ontario, the stairs leading to a creek they cut into the earth, the railings and benches they built and the little beavers they encouraged to resettle.

"We had our kingdom at home," he says, puffing his short cigar, "and we have it here too." ★



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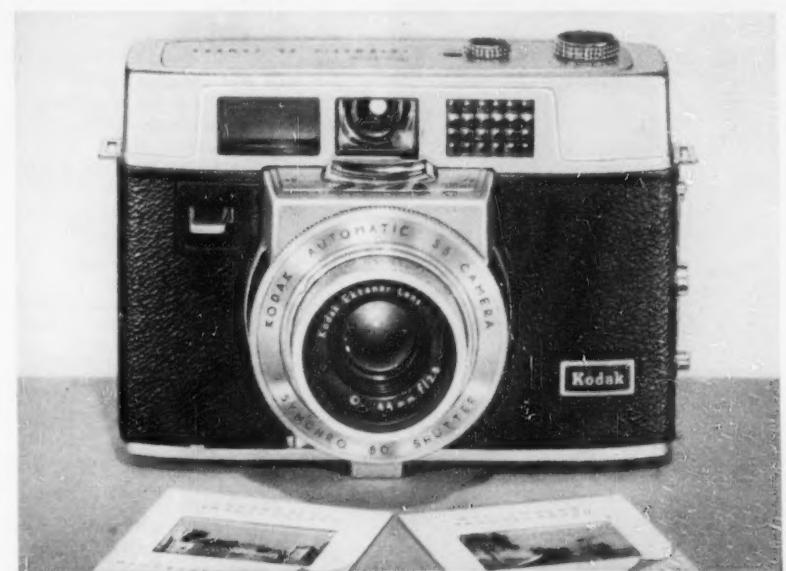
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need for military action to slow down German research.

Churchill was to write of this: "We both felt painfully the dangers of doing nothing. We knew what efforts the Germans were making to procure supplies of heavy water—sinister term, eerie, unnatural, which began to creep into our secret papers. What if the Germans should get the atomic bomb before we did? . . . We could not run the mortal risk of being outstripped in this awful sphere."

The world's largest producer of heavy water was the Norsk Hydro electrolysis installation at Vemork, near Rjukan, in southern Norway. It was primarily designed to produce ammonia for industrial purposes, but a byproduct of the electrolytic process was heavy water, in which the hydrogen atom is heavier than it is in ordinary water.

By 1940, this liquid had become the key in atomic experiments. After the occupation of Norway, the Germans requisitioned the entire output of Vemork's heavy water.

Professor Tronstad had been intimately involved in the design of the Vemork plant before the war. In 1941, former colleagues who had remained in Norway sent messages to London telling him that the plant had been ordered to increase its output of heavy water to three thousand pounds a year—almost treble the normal output. In the spring of 1942, Tronstad had received further information indicating that German demands on Vemork had been stepped up to ten thousand pounds a year.

British scientists, already convinced that given enough heavy water and uranium-235 it was feasible for the Germans to build an atom bomb, concluded Germany was about to launch experiments with an actual bomb. The British war cabinet ordered the Special Operations Executive to plan the destruction of Vemork. The émigré Norwegian government approved the venture and lent Professor Tronstad to SOE as adviser to Colonel Wilson, then in charge of secret operations in Norway.

An SOE agent named Einar Skinnarland who worked on the Mösavass Dam near Vemork was ordered by signal to compile a schedule of the hours at which the German guards were rotated. He was to pass this information to a four-man advance party due to be dropped into the Vemork area during October, 1942.

On October 18 the advance party parachuted to Hardanger Vidda, a wind-swept ice plateau covering three thousand square miles of southern Norway. Each of the four men was familiar with the mountains—tall Arne Kjelstrup, once an Oslo plumber; athletic Jens Paulsson,

who had been born in Rjukan; Knut Haugland, the party's radio operator who five years later was to take part in the Kon-Tiki expedition; and boyish Claus Helberg.

They established a base in a deserted hunter's cabin near Svensbu, reconnoitred the approaches to Vemork, made contact with Skinnarland and prepared to act as guides for the main assault force.

This first attempt by SOE was abortive. Thirty-four British paratroopers were flown in aboard two gliders; they met disaster on November 19 over the Norwegian coast. One glider tore loose from its tow-rope and crashed; the second aircraft towed its glider into the side of a mountain. Only twelve survived. They were captured and tortured to death.

When news of the tragedy reached England, Colonel Wilson made two decisions. He radioed the advance party to remain on the Vidda ready to receive a second force, and he resolved that this time its members would carry suicide pills.

Boulders, ice and minefields

The urgency was great; the plan was simple.

The second attempt would be made by six saboteurs of the Norwegian section—Knut Haukelid, whose home lay between the Vidda and the sea; Joachim Ronneberg from Oslo, and four more southerners, Kasper Idland, Fredrik Kayser, Hans Storhaug and Birger Stromsheim. They were expert skiers, even by the high Norwegian standard, and had graduated from SOE's sabotage school, proficient in the twin skills of effective destruction and silent killing.

The Vemork plant had been built into the side of a mountain five hundred feet above the River Maan, a stream that runs through the bottom of a deep gorge so thickly obstructed by ice-covered boulders that it was considered impassable.

The rear of the plant was protected by a towering rock face into which a series of steps had been cut leading up from the main entrance to the Rjukan road, which ran along the ridge above. These steps were guarded at top and bottom and minefields had been laid on either side.

The only other entrance was on the east side facing Rjukan. From here a small railway line ran along a narrow ledge roughly hewn into the side of the mountain. It maintained its height about five hundred feet above the river for a mile until leaving the gorge and dropping down gently to level ground. The

Norwegians had used it to transport ammonia to the Rjukan storage dumps; the Germans abandoned it as too precarious and exposed to frequent rockfalls.

There was no known way of reaching this ledge from the heights above or from the ravine below—or so the Germans thought.

The Vemork plant itself was defended by searchlights, anti-aircraft batteries, and machine-gun emplacements on the tops of buildings. The entire region surrounding the plant was patrolled by a regiment of ski troops.

The six saboteurs had been trained in the Scottish Highlands, where Tronstad, helped by SOE engineers, built a model of the plant. He gave them sketches of the seven-story building that housed the heavy-water machinery and showed them where to place their explosives to do the most damage. If the doors to the building could not be forced, a cable tunnel led from the yard outside to the machine room. Tronstad estimated they would need at least fifteen minutes inside the plant to complete their mission.

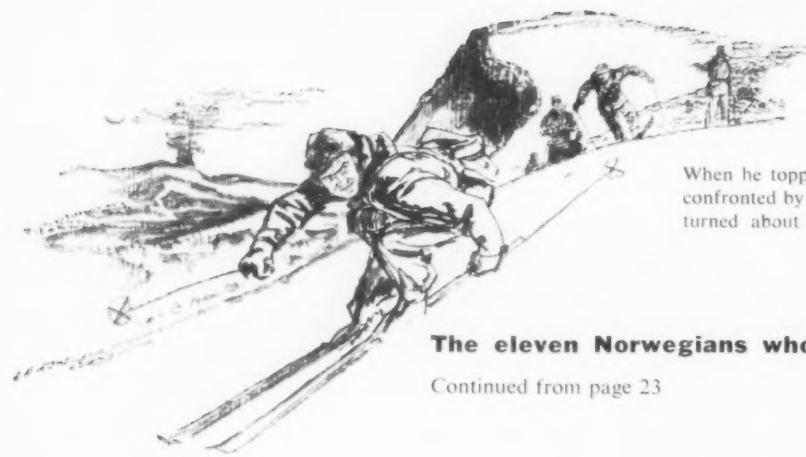
By the New Year, the six men of the team were ready, but snowstorms over Norway delayed their departure until February 16. Now the Swallows were in the air, across the Norwegian coast and approaching the drop area, some forty miles north of the base hut at Svensbu established by the advance party.

The aircraft dived to eight hundred feet, a green light flashed at the six men and they tumbled through the open door. They landed in the southern reaches of the lonely Vidda. The contents of the special containers were quickly loaded on two toboggans and the men skied southward, taking advantage of the remaining hours of darkness.

After twenty miles Storhaug, acting as scout, guided them to a hunter's cabin, where they found clean sheets, firewood and canned food. They buried all equipment not immediately required, and slept for the first time in forty-eight hours.

Later that day a heavy snowstorm whipped across the Vidda; it became worse by evening. Four days passed before they could resume their southward trek and it was not until the sixth day after their drop that they arrived at the Svensbu base.

The reunion of the newcomers and the advance party was marred only by the haggard appearance of the four men who had been on the Vidda for four months. The faces of Kjelstrup, Helberg, Paulsson and Haugland were sunken, bearded and weather-ravaged; their tattered clothes were caked in dirt. Hardship and meagre rations had taken a dreadful toll of their strength.



The eleven Norwegians who scuttled the Nazis' bid

Continued from page 23

That night the ten united Swallows held their council of war.

There was no need to change the plan of attack. Haukelid would lead the initial assault with a covering force consisting of four men; once entry had been made, the explosives team of Ronneberg, Idland, Stromsheim and Kayser would force their way into the heavy-water installation, place their charges and withdraw.

Claus Helberg had already reconnoitred the approach route along a small mountain trail parallel to the northern lip of the Maan gorge.

It was possible from this ridge to look across the ravine and down to the top of the Vemork plant, set into the mountain on the opposite side. Helberg had turned off this trail, climbed down the northern side of the gorge and found a way across the river. The five-hundred-foot climb up to the narrow railway ledge on the southern side would depend on luck and their skill as mountaineers. They decided to use much the same route during their retreat into the mountains.

Einar Skinnarland, who was absent scouring nearby villages for food, and Knut Haugland would play no part in the actual attack. They were to remain in the base cabin to keep radio contact with London.

Each man made a solemn pledge that

keted the enormous boulders and the passageways between them.

Helberg led them confidently and they slithered and lurched through the jagged maze until they reached a long, low platform of thick ice that crossed the river. Haukelid took the lead over the ice bridge and then they were climbing up toward the railway track. German experts had said that if anyone did manage to cross the gorge he could never climb the southern mountain to reach the rail ledge. The Swallows did it—and in darkness.

Once on the ledge they made their way to a bend that hid them from the plant, then only three hundred yards away. Their gloves and ski suits were torn, their hands cut. It was nearly midnight. They rested, bandaged cuts and ate chocolate.

Haukelid faced three immediate problems—the probability of mines around the side gates, the Norwegian gatekeeper who checked identity cards, and the fifteen guards expected to be on patrol in the yard inside.

At 12.25 a.m. he beckoned to Kjelstrup and the pair ran toward the gates; the rest of the party followed fifty yards behind, beyond the effective range of exploding mines.

They reached the gates. Kjelstrup's wirecutters snapped through the padlock and Haukelid leaped into the yard, tommy-gun at ready. Seeing no opposition, he ran to the door of the heavy-water installation, took his position beside it and covered the guard hut set slightly back from the yard. His men scattered silently into the shadows and the first stage had been successful. They controlled the yard and the gates.

Ronneberg and Kayser tried to force the door into the heavy-water building and failed. They vanished instead into the cable tunnel, just large enough to take a thin man. They reached the machine room and surprised a lone Norwegian technician, who stood aside willingly while they began laying charges.

Five minutes later the sound of crashing glass splintered the silence as two figures hurtled through a broken window to land in a cursing heap on the stone floor. It was Idland and Stromsheim, forcing the only entrance they could find.

It occurred fleetingly to Ronneberg that the operation was becoming as unlikely as the liquid they were about to destroy. Nine armed men had penetrated one of the most heavily guarded plants in Europe without firing a shot. While Ronneberg worked he listened for the sounds of battle outside, but the silence persisted. The bewildered technician merely contributed to the eeriness by complaining that he had lost his glasses.

Outside, Haukelid was experiencing a similar sensation of lightheaded incredulity. The gatekeeper was absent, there were no guards and not even the sound of breaking glass had brought a reaction from the guard hut, only a hundred feet away.

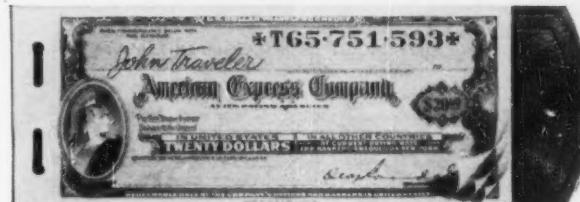
A man came out of the main hydro building across the yard and walked noisily toward the gates. Paulsson sprang on his back and dragged him into the shadows where he was quickly bound and gagged. It was the gatekeeper.

Then the guard hut came to life suddenly. A lone guard came out, shone a flashlight haphazardly over the walls of the buildings and then returned inside.

Fifteen minutes had passed. The covering force ran back to the gates, ready to cover the retreat of the explosives team. In the machine room, the main doors were unbarred, the technician shooed to safety and the fuses set to sixty seconds.



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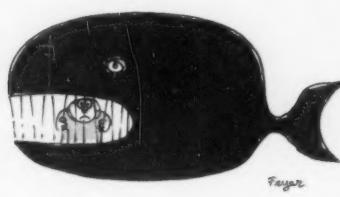
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if captured he would take his death pill. All of them had learned at the sabotage school what the Gestapo could do, and none of them rated his personal courage so highly that he would care to guarantee his silence.

It was Thursday, February 25; the attack was timed for 12.30 a.m. on Sunday, after the midnight change of guards.

Late on Friday afternoon the nine members of the assault force headed south for Fjordbuk, where Helberg had found another deserted hut in which they could hide until Operation Swallow entered its climactic stages. They stayed there throughout Saturday and at 8 p.m. set out in single file to destroy the plant that was casting a shadow over Allied hopes of victory.

It was a wet night with a high westerly wind, low overcast sky and milder temperatures, which thawed the surface snow. They skied downhill to the mountain trail—five armed with tommy-guns and grenades, four carrying only revolvers and explosives.

They had almost reached the road when two sets of headlights sent them sprawling in the snow. Two armored scout cars returning from patrols passed by. Then the saboteurs were able to drop down to the road, sling skis over their shoulders and march toward the gorge.

They reached the turnoff point without incident and began the long, dangerous descent into the ravine, almost opposite the Vemork plant. It took more than an hour to reach the bottom, where they recognized why it was considered impassable. The river ran in spate from the thaw, and thick layers of ice blanketed the en-



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The duel was over; he'd won. He didn't know if his opponent was dead

Suddenly, Ronneberg shouted, "Run!" All need for further silence gone, the four men raced for the gates. Then they were running hard along the railway track to the bend that would hide them from the plant.

Twenty minutes after the gates had been forced, a series of crackling roars reverberated across the ravine, a sheet of flame and smoke soared upward, and Churchill's fears that the Allies might be outstripped in the "awful sphere" of atomic research were dramatically erased. A year's supply of heavy water was destroyed, and Vemork's capacity for making further supplies was knocked out for six months.

The nine men who had achieved so much without even meeting the enemy ran from the scene of their devastation, confident that confusion would cover their escape. Heedless of gashes and bruises, they slithered down the mountain to the bottom of the gorge, recrossed the platform of ice and climbed up the other side.

As they ran westward into the mountains sirens screamed, searchlights swept the sky and machine-guns fired at nonexistent aircraft. Then the firing stopped and the lights went out. They quickened their pace, conscious that the enemy must be aware by now that saboteurs were in the vicinity. Ski patrols would be out, roadblocks set up and surrounding villages placed under guard and curfew.

Four hours later, well before the winter dawn, they reached the edge of the Vidda, paused to put on skis and headed north to the Svensbu cabin where Haugland and Skinnarland waited to send their news to London. They arrived, exhausted and exultant, and the radio operators tapped out the message Colonel Wilson never expected to receive: VEMORK HEAVY WATER MACHINERY DESTROYED AS PLANNED STOP NO CASUALTIES TO YOUR SWALLOWS STOP DISPERSING AS ARRANGED.

During Sunday an angry interview took place between the new commandant of Vemork and General Nikolaus von Falkenhorst, commander-in-chief of the occupation forces, who was accompanied by Josef Terboven, the German political chief in Norway. Falkenhorst wanted to know where the guards had been during the attack.

The bewilderment that greeted his questions aroused him to fury. He ordered the immediate arrest of the guards, while Terboven issued instructions for the arrest of Rjukan's leading citizens as hostages. Truckloads of SS squads were sent to nearby villages to bring in more hostages and the regiment of ski troops was sent into the mountains.

At dawn on March 3 the saboteurs dispersed—Ronneberg, Idland, Stromsheim, Kayser and Storhaug headed for Sweden, which they were to reach safely two weeks later; Haugland and Skinnarland transported their heavy radio equipment deeper into the Vidda wilderness, and Haukelid and Kjelstrup went into hiding in the forests. Paulsson and Helberg were to join secret units in Oslo. But first, Claus Helberg wanted to recover the currency and civilian clothes he had brought from England and buried during one of his winter patrols on the Vidda.

Sending Paulsson to Oslo as planned, Helberg set off alone with only a revolver, typically contemptuous of the

German ski patrols known to be swarming into the Vidda. Helberg's facility for attracting trouble had been a source of constant alarm to his friends. He had long ceased to be surprised by the misfortunes that often befell him, most of which he met and conquered with happy confidence.

When he topped a rise on the Vidda and found himself confronted by a Ger-

man ski patrol, he automatically turned about and skied for his life. He was a fine skier and, despite the weakness caused by months of hunger and lack of sleep, he was unconcerned about capture. It was a clear day, with a bright sun reflecting brilliantly from the fresh snow—perfect skiing weather. As long as he could avoid the slopes that punctuated the otherwise flat expanse of the

Vidda, he could expect to lose his pursuers within a few minutes. When he did glance back fifteen minutes later he nearly fell with fright at the sight of a lone German only two hundred yards away and matching his speed. Another thirty minutes slipped by and Helberg was beginning to sweat freely. He could not increase his speed and neither, it seemed, could the German who stuck so grimly to the chase.

He lost some of his confidence and settled down to the steady and seemingly effortless movements of the experienc-

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ed long-distance skier. The German was also experienced and he duplicated the movements of his quarry.

The chase went on into the afternoon, the miles sliding past as hunter and hunted sped over the Vidda. As often as Helberg wiped his sun goggles, they clouded over with moisture again; his arms were losing their power and his legs were suffering severe spasms of trembling. The setting sun added to his discomfort, scattering the remnants of his confidence. He felt he must be within range of the enemy's guns and wondered

why he had not been brought down with a bullet in the back.

He remembered his death pill and his pledge in the Svensbu hut the night before the attack and wondered if he would have the courage to keep it. He changed direction, heading into the sun, hoping that if he could stay on his feet until it reached the horizon, the glare would spoil his pursuer's aim.

The relentless chase lasted four hours before Helberg admitted defeat. He had reached his limit and, sick with fear and exhaustion, he was stumbling erratically

across the snow. Perspiration soaked his clothes and streamed down his face while the sun, glaringly yellow as it neared the peaks in the west, would decide his fate. He turned to face the implacable enemy for whom he now felt a curious blend of hatred and admiration. He breathed in great heaving gulps. His legs were rubbery. His hands shook violently. He ripped the goggles from his eyes and stared hazily at the figure stalking toward him. He groped for the revolver in his pocket and held it wobbling in front of him.

As the gap closed the German seemed to shrink in size, to lose his menace. In a moment of clarity, Claus Helberg could see him lifting his skis awkwardly and weaving as he, equally exhausted, struggled to stay upright. When the gap had narrowed to a hundred and fifty feet, Helberg lifted his gun and fired wildly. The German paused to draw his own gun—a Luger automatic. Helberg was relieved when he saw he didn't face a rifle or tommy-gun; the first man to empty his magazine would lose.

The German stopped a hundred feet off. The two men watched each other, alone on the ice and snow. The sun was lowering into the German's eyes, and the seconds dragging slowly into minutes. Neither moved. Breathing became easier for both; the trembling of their bodies died away. Soon they would recover sufficiently to fight.

An involuntary spasm in his right arm jerked Helberg's gun upward. The surprised German gathered his strength, lifted his Luger and fired until his magazine was empty. Helberg, who had stood numb and uncaring while bullets whipped past his head and into the snow at his feet, took careful aim. As Helberg struggled to steady his revolver the German, gazing stupidly at his empty gun, began backing away. The first shot hit the snow where he had been standing. The Norwegian gripped his gun with both hands and fired a second shot. The German, who had turned to run, took it in his back. His body flopped forward to rest on his ski poles.

Helberg didn't know if his opponent was dead; he didn't intend to waste further time or ammunition. The shots might have been heard by another patrol, and seconds were precious. The duel was over and somehow he had won. Thankful to leave the macabre scene of the solitary German bent grotesquely on his skis, he headed north into the dusk.

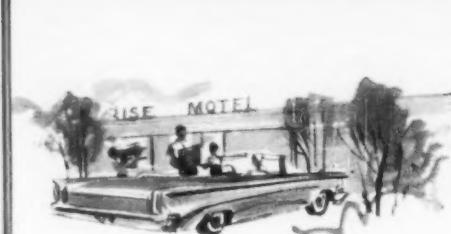
He was not at the end of his adventure. Two hours later he stumbled over a cliff and broke his collarbone. He stumbled on through the night, the next day and into the evening when at last he found shelter with a farmer. In all, he had skied a hundred and twelve miles in thirty-six hours, most of it in agonizing pain.

The success of Operation Swallow brought a shower of decorations to the saboteurs, one of whom was to deliver the final blow in the battle for heavy water.

In January, 1944, it was learned in London that the Germans were dismantling the heavy-water machinery to transport it, with remaining stocks of the liquid, to Germany.

Colonel Wilson told Haukelid, who was still in southern Norway, to stop the transfer. On February 20, a freight train loaded with the machinery and thirty-six hundred pounds of heavy water—the entire stockpile available in Europe—was shunted aboard the Lake Tinnsoj ferry, Hydro. She was due to sail at 10:30 the next morning, but before dawn Haukelid slipped aboard her foredeck, vanished down a hatchway and found the bilges. He laid three connecting charges against her side, timed to explode fifteen minutes after the ferry sailed. Then he returned to the car, where Skinnarland was waiting to drive him back to Oslo.

The Hydro sailed on time and had reached the middle of the lake when an explosion blew an eleven-foot hole in her side below the waterline. She sank in three minutes in a hundred fathoms, taking with her twenty-two guards, fourteen civilians, and the Germans' last chance to build an atomic weapon. ★



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"It seems to me that in our bare feet we could tell a Spalding from a Dunlop on a slough bottom"

hours hunting with him. They'd take off their shoes and socks and wade in the sloughs. Their toes soon became so sensitive that they never mistook a stone for a golf ball on the gravel bottoms.

"I may be exaggerating slightly," says Ted Homenuik in recollection, "but it seems to me that we could tell a Spalding from a Dunlop."

Sometimes the Homenuiks made private deals with the members, swapping balls for the privilege of joining a two-some for a few holes, borrowing the clubs. Or they traded a bagful of balls for an old club. Some members, impressed by the boys' natural ability, even made outright gifts of clubs they could do without.

The Homenuiks used to hide in the underbrush on the outer reaches of the course until the fairways were clear and then play two or three holes. On occasion, if they were particularly anxious to hole out, they'd even hold up a following foursome while they sank their putts. Rudy Homenuik recalls that they were often chased beyond the boundaries of Deer Park by irate members.

They grew a trifle overzealous in their ball-hunting, too. Complaints began to reach the pro shop that the Homenuiks, when they weren't holding up play by playing themselves, were finding golf balls that had barely stopped rolling, and then speeding across the fields with them. This posed a dilemma for Bill Kerr, a red-faced Scot of two hundred and fifty pounds, jowly and lugubrious of expression. If he chased the pests off his golf course he'd be chasing his source of supply; if he didn't, the members would continue to berate him. He solved his problem cannily. He hired the Homenuiks at fifty cents an hour as his assistants, working in the pro shop, raking the sand greens, cutting the fairways, cleaning clubs and caddying.

He laid down strict rules for his platoon of assistants, peering owlishly down at Ted and Wilf's thin round-eyed faces. Wilf was ten then, Ted barely twelve.

"Now there'll be no smokin' and no swearin' on penalty of bein' sent home," he told them. "You can play the course from time to time but there'll be no cheatin' at the game of golf."

Recently Kerr recalled those early days. "They obeyed the rules, too," he related. "You won't find a finer family anywhere than the Homenuiks. The boys were mischievous at first, as you'd expect boys to be, but fundamentally they were fine youngsters. I never had to send one of 'em home. And I still don't—I've got Topper, that's Stanley, and Mervyn and Emil comin' to me now."

On quiet days at the course, or rainy ones, Bill Kerr permitted his assistants to play a round of golf with him for a nickel a hole. He was asked not long ago if he'd taught the Homenuiks the fundamentals of the game — the grip, swing, stance and other rudiments. His eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"Teach 'em?" he snorted. "When you play for a nickel a hole, laddie, you don't have to show 'em how to play. They learn soon enough."

And the boys continued to supply Kerr with golf balls by training a couple of replacements, the family dogs — Laddie, a water spaniel trained by Tony, and Flash, a mongrel trained by Wilf.

Tony even trained the spaniel to retrieve from the sloughs.

"I took him to the water's edge, tossed in a ball and told him to go get it," Tony says. "He splashed in and grabbed it. Later, he'd go in on his own, swim under water and come up with a ball."

All the Homenuiks took naturally to golf. They reveled in it. Their mother, Mary, says she realized the game kept them from "mingling with boys who get into trouble."

"With sport to play," she says, "there was always something to do and some place to go."

Ted and Wilf developed into the best golfers, possibly because they were able to play more. The two oldest boys, Tony and Rudy, got jobs in Yorkton when they had finished Grade 8, to help out at home. Ted and Wilf played at every opportunity. Once, they played a hundred and seven holes in a day.

"We got up at 7 o'clock and we just kept playing, round after round," Ted grins, still a little incredulous. "When we got to the eighteenth hole for the sixth time it was so dark we couldn't even see each other. We had to walk in."

On August 10, 1950, Wilf won his first title, the Crystal Lake championship. He was four months short of fifteen. Ten days later he and Rudy and Ted hitchhiked fifty miles to a summer resort called Kenosee where Rudy and Wilf tied for low medal honors and Ted was the runner-up.

Through the next six years the boys won dozens of championships; Wilf was twice the runner-up in the Canadian junior championship. Even by 1953 when Ted beat Wilf for the Saskatchewan

junior title and, the same week, Wilf beat Ted in the final of the Saskatchewan Amateur, they realized they'd gone about as far as they could go on Yorkton's sand greens. Then too their travels gave them the urge to move to other fields. Rudy, working for a service station in Yorkton, saved enough money to move to Toronto, and Ted went to Winnipeg to join Tony. Wilf followed him and began working as a locker-room attendant at the Elmhurst club. He and Ted began to dominate amateur golf in Manitoba. When Ted leased a service station he sent for Rudy in Toronto.

"There's no record of our births"

But in 1956 a modest scandal stirred amateur golf in both Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The Homenuiks had done well enough at their game that Stan Obodiac, a Yorkton friend who is now a free-lance writer in Toronto, determined to write a book about them. His research took him to the city hall where hospital records, he said, showed Rudy, Ted and Wilf to be older than their golf registrations showed them to be. By Obodiac's reckoning, the Homenuiks had won some juvenile and junior championships to which they were not entitled. He declared, for example, that Wilf was born in December of 1935, not 1937.

Obodiac says Wilf promised him during the spring of 1956 that he wouldn't seek the Manitoba junior championship that summer. Wilf did seek it, however, won it, and was about to leave for the National tournament in New Brunswick when Obodiac wrote to the Winnipeg

Free Press with his claim. The story got national attention. When Obodiac showed baptismal records from Yorkton's Greek Catholic Church, indicating that Wilf had been born in 1935, Manitoba golf officials vetoed his trip to New Brunswick.

For his part, Wilf says he had no knowledge that he was not born in 1937 until the story appeared in the newspapers. And Ted says he's still not certain of his age.

"We were never registered," Ted relates. "We were born on a farm and there's no record of our births in Regina. This isn't unusual; lots of poor people didn't bother to register births during the depression. All we've got are our baptism certificates, and they could be wrong."

The golf pro, Bill Kerr, still upset four years later by the furor that surrounded his boys, feels they were as young as they were thought to be.

"They were just wee fellows when they came to me," he says. "I couldn't have been wrong by two years. And, anyway, ask me how old I am and I can't tell you. I think I'm sixty-two. But I might be sixty-three, right?"

Actually, not many trophies would come off the Homenuik mantel even if the boys had been two years older than they believed they were. None of their eminence in the provincial and national amateur championships is affected by age. Ted, apparently, was a few months over-age when he won the Saskatchewan junior crown from his brother, who was eligible, in 1953. And Wilf should not have won the Manitoba junior in 1956, or the Saskatchewan junior in 1955, which qualified him for the Canadian junior championship in which he was runner-up that year.

Although Ted and Wilf developed into the best golfers among the Homenuiks during the Fifties, Bill Kerr says that Stanley, or Topper, could be the best of them all. "He breaks par consistently and he just turned twenty," frowns Kerr, "a legitimate twenty."

Last Victoria Day, in a field of 104, Topper won a two-day tournament, beating a Melville entrant, Eddie Famulak, in the final.

Famulak, it appears, had rarely played better. "But what can you do," he asked afterwards, "with a guy who birdies the first five holes?"

Topper and his younger brothers Mervyn and Emil, unlike the older boys, are tall, lanky and studious. Topper will go to university in Fresno, California, this fall on a golf scholarship, arranged by brother Wilf. The Fresno college's physical education instructor, Ed Peep, watched Wilf in a tournament last year, then talked to him about attending the Fresno school on a golf scholarship. Wilf had to admit his formal education stopped at Grade 8, but he mentioned that he had a young brother at home who might qualify. Topper, a good student, did qualify and now both Mervyn and Emil are hopeful they'll follow him.

Thus, the game has more than fulfilled the fondest dreams of Mary Homenuik. The "some place to go, something to do" philosophy that was all golf once represented to her has grown into a whole pattern of existence for her seven sons, one way and another. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



Those dear, departed roomers

Continued from page 18

with long springy strides, holding tightly rolled evening papers under their arms, or, later in the evening, passed the living-room door looking straight ahead and went silently up to their rooms trailing cigarette smoke or the smell of chlorine from the YMCA pool, or, in the case of a pale, preoccupied, nattily dressed, muscular pharmacist named Mr. Robins, the austere smell of chemicals. Mr. Robins also brought in with him a chill wind of higher learning, which he exhibited on the rare occasions when he stopped in the hall to talk for a moment, using words about drugs and disabilities that, my father explained afterward, you could only learn by going to college, a vague and forbidding state that we kids somehow associated with prayer, tight collars and being as far as you could get from being a cowboy.

About the only condition we knew worse than going to college was having a job like another roomer of ours named Mr. Fox, a Bible salesman with huge false teeth. Now and then he used to corner me on the veranda, smile hideously at me from a great height and in a rapid, friendly whisper, intone: "You'll never do anything worthwhile in the world without the help of the Lord God Almighty," which I found hard to connect with being a trapper. "No you won't, no you won't," he'd say over his shoulder as he turned away from me chuckling away in his soft breathy ecstatic voice.

They were maddeningly intriguing

We didn't know where our roomers came from or where they went. They had no mothers, fathers or home towns. They traveled light and were neat, trim men whom I can't imagine cluttering up the neighborhood, even if they had time, which they didn't. They left the house early in the morning and when they came home just changed their shirts, shaved and went out again into the free, rarefied world where roomers spent their evenings, perhaps pausing on the top veranda step just long enough to look up and down the street or maybe give us kids little golden rules for getting along in life, like "Never trust a cop," or "Don't ever get married," or "You'll never get rich working for a living." They were maddeningly intriguing to the women of the neighborhood, who sat on the verandas lowering their heads and peering under the front awnings at any new roomer who came up the street, calling softly to one another under the side awnings, "I've never seen him before," or, if nobody happened to be on the next veranda, muttering to themselves, "Now who does he think he is?"

In general, the only roomers we got to know very well were the ones who got breakfast along with their rooms, like a favorite of my mother's named Mr. Purdy, a tall, handsome man who looked exactly like the arrow-collar man of the day, except that he had blue cheeks no matter how often he shaved and a space between his two front teeth. He had a

startling high-pitched giggle, and every morning he'd open the morning paper and squeak brightly, "Well, who's dead this morning?" My mother was very fond of him and used to feed him kippers for breakfast until one morning, working industriously at his plate, he looked up and said as if he'd just made an interesting discovery, "You know, there's a lot of fish in among these bones."

An occasional long-term roomer became a part of the community and a privileged character, like one of my personal favorites, who rented the upstairs back bedroom of the house next door, a short, solid bricklayer with a merry, square face, a wonderful noisy disposition and a rich, crackling orator's voice. He was probably the best-adjusted person I've ever known. His life was made up of two chief joys: setting off to lay bricks in the morning and getting home from laying bricks at night. Often, after propping his nod beside the back porch, he'd go to his room, reappear at his bedroom window, and with hands resting on the sill and still wearing his bricklayer's cap, he would deliver speeches and sermons on the hereafter, Mackenzie King, the evils of cigarettes and the plight of the working man to any neighbor who happened to be out in the back yard, including our mothers, who would glance at one another over the fences in a way that said, "I won't laugh if you don't."

"And consequently . . . if the working man . . ." he would thunder indignantly, shaking his wattle with each phrase, choosing his words for their sound and never worrying about what they meant . . . or we might even say perpendicularly . . ."

They made as much sense as most political speeches I've heard and they used to fracture us kids, who would be falling off the fences and rolling on the grass.

He was a born poet and he'd visit us sometimes in the evening, scrubbed and wearing a clean white shirt, and play our piano without knowing a note. He'd move his stubby fingers, worn flat at the ends by thousands of bricks, very gracefully over the keys, sometimes playing with the back of his hands, and crossing his hands and lifting them in expressive arcs as he sang songs he'd learned in the trenches of World War I, and he was my hero for the first ten years of my life and I wish I had him as a roomer upstairs now instead of the TV + have downstairs.

To us kids some roomers took the place that sailors held with former generations. They told us great, whopping, inspiring lies. One I'll always remember was a Mr. Ferrier, a lethargic young man who owned one of the few cars on the block, which he kept in a garage on the next street over. He used to take me for a ride occasionally and tell me how he used to win the Indianapolis Speedway races.

"My boy," he'd say in a bored drawl, slumped down behind the wheel. "You'll notice that when I drive I just use my thumb and third finger of one hand on the wheel. Did you notice how relaxed I am? Notice the way I hold my little finger?"

I'd study his hand, spellbound.

"That's the way you have to be. A professional racer is always relaxed. Always remember that. If I ever tightened up at forty-five, fifty miles an hour, I'd be dead, like that." He'd snap his fingers.

It wasn't until years later that I realized that he was a stock clerk with Browns' Bread Company, but whenever I think of a race I still picture Mr. Ferrier passing a field of a hundred roaring

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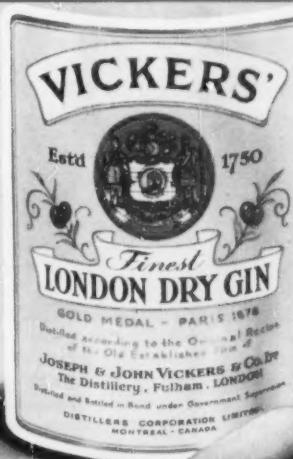
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cars, holding the wheel lightly by two fingers.

Our roomers were always single, and stayed that way, in spite of our mothers, who were always thinking up perfect matches for them, particularly one wily old fox named Mr. Bouchelle, a fat photographer with a big rolling profile, sloping stomach and arm garters who always looked somehow as if he were just freshly buttered. He was a friendly, kindly, good-natured man and was one of the few roomers who worked near the neighborhood. He used to let us kids work around his studio after school and on Saturday mornings trimming snapshots on his chopper and we'd spend wonderful peaceful hours there with the

summer breeze blowing right through the studio windows and mingling scents of lilac with the smell of developers. One time he got a snapshot to develop of a bare-bottomed woman and sat there chuckling and repeating, "Well, bless me!" and "I'll be darned!" and showed it to all the kids, his stomach heaving, and we all went home and told our mothers, thinking it was about the most interesting thing we'd ever seen, like a new kind of catapult, and next day Mr. Bouchelle quietly and thoughtfully told us we'd better not go home and tell our mothers everything. But he was a fine, shy creature, perhaps one of the last to flee before the rising tide of femininity, and sometimes today when I sit before

my TV watching the victors smacking their lips over Revlon's new Tiger Eyes, I like to think they weren't fast enough or smart enough to catch Mr. Bouchelle. I hope he's still sitting in some peaceful shady studio chuckling over his snapshot trimmer.

In fact, all in all, our roomers had a lot to offer to the neighborhood, and looking around me at the prim households, power-mowed by captive males, I think any district would be better off for the stimulating, wholesome influence of the roomers I remember. We didn't try to hide them, we tried to catch them, and everybody wanted one. They kept us in touch with the outside world; came home humming tunes like Peg o' My

Heart; voted beer back in; abhorred togetherness; worked hard; paid their way; went weeks without talking; survived without cars (except for Mr. Ferrier), TV, credit cards, pension plans, wives or tranquilizers; lived within their means; weren't afraid of loneliness; kept their shirts laundered without washing machines, shined their own shoes and kept spruce on a salary of twenty dollars a week; kept kids from getting cheeky; kept their dignity and helped our parents pay for their houses—in half the time we pay for ours nowadays. I don't think the answer to today's problem of roomers lies in creating single-family zones. All we need to do is pick the kind of roomers we had when I was a kid. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

The alcoholic got himself into the jam he's in — and he can also get himself out of it

is a far different creature, however. He can reason, think, make judgments. He can strive for good. He can live sacrificially for the welfare of others. He can be encouraged, he can be inspired. He can create works of great beauty and be aroused to deeds of courage and dedication.

Relating this to excessive drinking, we should point out to the alcoholic that he is not the helpless victim of a disease. He is the architect of his own disaster. Becoming an alcoholic is not the same as suddenly having your back broken by a careless driver. It usually takes ten or fifteen years of serious drinking for anyone to become a chronic drinker. During this period, the alcoholic has made hundreds of decisions about himself and his conduct. Furthermore, since the consequences of continued heavy drinking are frequently discussed in newspapers, magazines and books and on TV and radio, the chances are he was aware of his ultimate fate. In other words, he created his own predicament — he wasn't shoved into it by one or more outside, invisible forces. Therein lies hope for the future. Since the alcoholic manœuvred himself into his present jam, he can extricate himself from it by exercising his free will, by mobilizing his strength.

I know from my own experience as a pastoral counselor that the alcoholic has a much better chance of rescuing himself if we don't sell him short by labeling him a victim of disease. Let me give you a few case histories from my records.

Betty was typical of the alcoholics who tried to cope with their problems on the basis of the disease approach. Like most others she lived a purposeless life, she depended on others to tell her what to do, but at the same time she resented it deeply that others were running her life for her. Betty felt that her mother was running her life, so in a desperate effort to emancipate herself, when she was in her late teens, she left her home in Europe and came to Canada to carve out a new life for herself.

After she had been here a short time she became desperately lonely but she could not give in to admitting it and going home. It was at this time she started to drink. She became promiscuous. Neither of these solutions for her loneliness satisfied her. But, as they seemed to be the only ways left for her to satisfy her needs, she spent more and more time indulging her loneliness in these ways. In a desperate effort to find

meaning for her life she married, but this did not solve her problem. Her husband turned out to be even more in need of love and emotional support than she was. He was unable to give her the feelings of security and freedom and trustworthiness that she craved. So Betty continued to drink.

When her first child came, Betty tried to sober up, for by this time alcohol had become a real problem to her. The only help she was able to get gave her the idea that alcoholism was a disease and as such it could be treated medically. Being treated medically meant to her that the doctor would prescribe for her and she would not have to fight her alcoholism. Antabuse was prescribed. However, she soon found that when she got terribly lonely and disgusted with herself she stopped taking her antabuse so that she could drink without suffering the effects of her medicine. Betty did not get over her alcoholism until she hit bottom; until she had been taken home by the police a number of times; until she was told that her children would be taken away from her; until she was in danger of losing her home and husband; until she had lost all the friends she had ever had. It was then that Betty made a decision. It was then she assumed moral responsibility for her life under the direction of a counselor. That was three years ago. Betty is still living a sober life, but by her own confession it did not happen until she realized that her idea of alco-

holism as a disease was a way of escaping from her moral responsibility.

Jim is in his early fifties. He is well educated, and well trained for his position. He has had some excellent jobs but has lost them all because of alcoholism. He has never been interested in marriage. Because he's not been tied down by home obligations, he's drifted all over the country. He has tried every kind of cure for alcoholism, for he has always felt that alcoholism is a disease and that someone ought to be able to prescribe something that would save him the effort of struggling against it. The last time Jim went for treatment he was faced with his moral responsibility. He didn't like to face it and he fought it for months before he eventually took stock of himself and realized that for years he had been fighting against his feelings of being dominated by his extremely talented mother. When Jim realized that he could no longer blame her or anyone else for what had happened to him, it was possible for him to start striving for the goals he had always wanted to achieve. Jim is now living a creative and satisfying life.

These two persons are typical alcoholics; they have crippling dependency feelings, and because of them they have strong negative attitudes. They find it difficult to take advice or accept guidance. If this is the case, then the most important thing to do for them is help them adopt a co-operative, optimistic attitude toward life.

And since I believe that alcoholism is basically a moral and spiritual problem, I'd like to bring up the subjects of guilt and sin as they apply to the alcoholic. These terms have a special context for those who take the purely scientific view of man. They point out that since the alcoholic is a sick person, his behavior is neither moral nor immoral. If we suggest that his behavior is immoral, they say, we accentuate his feelings of guilt, and this in turn sends him scurrying to the bottle.

I don't subscribe to these views. I think that there is such a thing as sin. I think that when we have done things we know to be wrong or unworthy, then it's natural for us to feel guilty. Only when the guilt feelings are excessive or inappropriate can they be said to be harmful. If the alcoholic is having a guilt reaction for the terrible hardship he has imposed on others, then we must help him to express it. We must use it to help him face his situation realistically. This, in turn, might move him to accept greater responsibility for his own conduct in the future and thus chart a constructive course of action. If in our zealousness to be "non-judgmental" we dismiss the alcoholic's guilt feelings, then we are doing him a disservice. The alcoholic himself doesn't think that what he's done is inconsequential. If he did, then he wouldn't bother talking to a counselor about it.

Which brings me to my final point — that no alcoholic or psychiatric clinic is adequately staffed unless it provides a spiritual adviser for those who come to seek help. For too long now, the helping professions have tended to take a materialistic view of man. They have played down man's spiritual dimension, the fact that man is concerned with the meaning of life and his particular place in the scheme of things. And just as sexual frustration, for example, can lead to neurosis, then it's conceivable that man's incomplete spiritual life, his unrequited quest for a purpose in his life, can also result in a neurosis. Too many people come to the doctor with problems that can more appropriately be dealt with by the priest or, perhaps better still, by both the doctor and the priest.

The alcoholic, I think, is a case in point. To pigeonhole him as the casual victim of a disease is a superficial and often dangerous diagnosis — a diagnosis that may prevent him from coming to grips with the moral problems that lie at the root of his difficulties. ★





London Letter continued from page 7

"I shall find some other method to make his return very unlikely," the PM said of Windsor

made the situation go from the difficult to the ironic. On the very day I received the letter from the duke's solicitors I also received a message from the prime minister asking me to see him at 10 Downing Street.

To a politician a summons to Downing Street is full of interest and conjecture. Was I to be offered a department? Was I to be appointed an ambassador? Neville Chamberlain soon put my conjectures to rest.

"I am in a difficult situation with the Duke of Windsor," he said, "and I wonder if you can help me? There has been much pressure on me to agree that the duke and his wife should visit England. Personally I am in favor of it, after all this time, but I sounded various people and obviously public opinion would be affronted—seriously affronted."

"With due respect," I said, "what has this to do with me?"

With a darkening frown he said: "Supposing someone, perhaps a politician who is also a publicist, should write an article in the press saying that the duke should not come back yet. Then I could say that the reaction was so hostile and so badly received that I would be forced to inform the duke that he would not be welcome."

Here indeed was a situation! In my pocket was the letter from the duke's solicitors and before me was the prime minister asking me to play the stooge so that Chamberlain could say that the atmosphere was not suitable for the proposed visit.

"Well?" snapped Chamberlain.

"You must give me time to think," I answered feebly.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I shall find some other method to make his return very unlikely, very unlikely indeed."

* * *

Although I had made my home in England after the end of the 1914-18 war, Canada was always in my thoughts. But to a would-be journalist London offered opportunities that only a metropolis could supply, and as most of you know I persuaded Lord Beaverbrook to give me a job in Fleet Street. So, early in 1920, with only my meagre military gratuity by the way of cash, I joined the Beaver's Daily Express.

Deep currents are not always recognizable, but unknown to the British themselves a world had died and a new world was emerging. On all sides there was an effort to get back to the good old days (for the few) when dukes were dukes and Society was spelled with a capital S. There is always room for a big idea in an empty mind—and as far as Britain was concerned my mind was

practically a vacuum. Except on landing leave in the war, and later in hospital where I had the next bed to a Grenadier officer named Harold Macmillan, I knew nothing of England. It was then that I had hunted the Beaver, who put on a

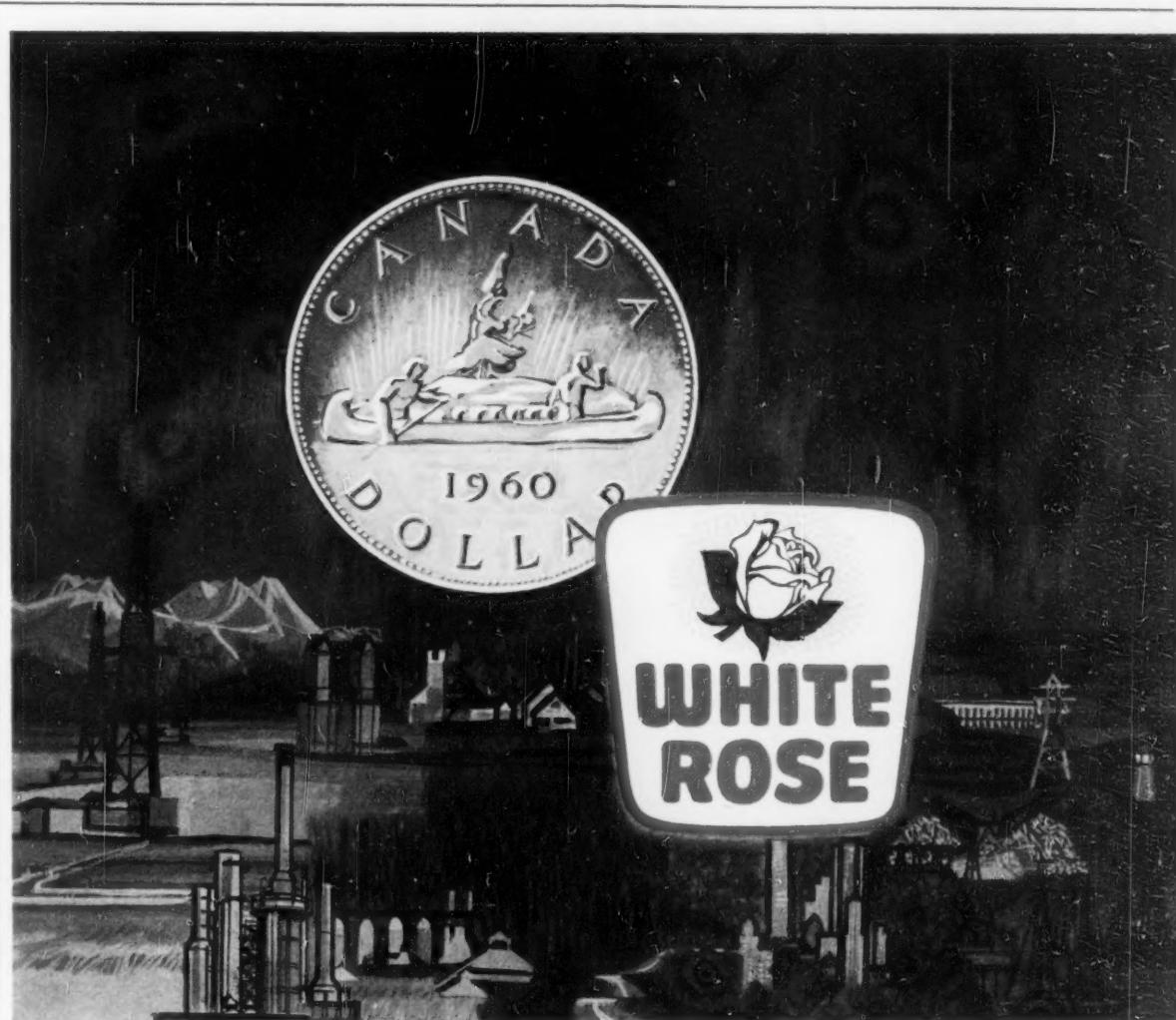
great act by telephoning the prime minister, the editor of the Express, Bonar Law and practically everybody else but the Archbishop of Canterbury. This was my man of destiny. He owned the Daily Express but at that time he knew dashed

little of journalism, although eventually he was to become a newspaper genius.

"I'll give you a job on the Express," he said.

"Why?" I queried.

"Because," said the Beaver, "everybody



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JUST WHEN I'M BEING
SO INTERESTING

"Not to change the subject"
Is said by people who
Firmly and abruptly
Do.

IRENE WARSAW

CANADIANECDOCE



The slippery pirate who worked the St. Lawrence

Archeologists in skin-diving equipment plunged into the St. Lawrence near Brockville, Ont., in June 1958 and tried to find the charred remains of the vessel Sir Robert Peel, lying on the bottom for more than a hundred and twenty years. One of their objects was to fill in the gaps in one of the most intriguing stories of William Lyon Mackenzie's Upper Canada Rebellion.

The Peel was boarded, burned and sunk by the forty-man Patriot Navy — a handful of rowboats and canoes commanded by an audacious Thousand Islander named William Johnson. During the early part of 1838, "Admiral" Johnson and his men raided many small craft carrying supplies to British troops along the upper St. Lawrence.

The sinking of the Sir Robert Peel, his biggest coup, made Johnson the object of a resolute search. At its head was a daring young British officer, Captain Boyd, who disguised his men as duck hunters and began to prowl the Thousand Islands.

Johnson's hideaway — a cavern on one of the smallest of the myriad islands — was finally disclosed by one of his men, either bullied or bribed by Boyd's troops.

Boyd took a boatload of soldiers to the island, where he found Johnson alone. The rebel invited him into his tree-shrouded headquarters to discuss the surrender.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" Johnson asked. Boyd graciously shook his head. With a pair of tongs Johnson took a burning coal from the fire and lit his pipe. Then, still carrying the coal, he walked to a corner of the cave.

"I must insist," said Boyd, "that you accompany me to Kingston."

Johnson bent down and picked up a small keg. "I object to accompanying you to Kingston," he said calmly, "but I don't mind accompanying you to Kingdom Come."

He casually removed the lid of the keg and held the burning coal near its contents — gunpowder. Then he extracted from Boyd a promise to depart and, on his honor as a gentleman and an officer, never to reveal the hiding place.

Johnson, the "Pirate of the St. Lawrence," survived the rebellion and, being somewhat vain, dined out for many years on stories of his exploits. In later years he tilled a small island in the St. Lawrence near Lake Ontario. That island still bears his name. — EDNA SUTTON

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

on my newspaper knows more about journalism than I do. What I want is someone who knows less than I do. And you're the man!"

Whereupon he started his telephonic symphony again and I silently stole away. A week later, with some 5,000-odd returning Canadian veterans, the liner Olympic set to sea for Halifax. Lord Beaverbrook was the only civilian on board and was automatically nominated chairman of the ship's concert. At my own suggestion I sang a solo called The Trumpeter and nearly got an encore — but not quite. Whereupon the Beaver passed me a note that read:

My dear Baxter:

I have heard you sing. More than ever I advise you to take up journalism.

Beaverbrook.

Back home once more I lived in Toronto with my mother and sister, and after a time the Nordheimer Piano Company people told me they would take me back as a piano salesman. But overseas I had met the head of W. & R. Chambers, the famous old publishers of Edinburgh, and was determined to write a novel based on the war and entitled The Parts Men Play.

Day after day and night after night I wrote and rewrote and revised, but at last it was finished and the manuscript was dispatched to Edinburgh. Then came the period of waiting. A month passed. In desperation I cabled, asking if the manuscript had arrived. Being Scots they answered with a one-word cable: Yes.

"Come at your own risk"

A fortnight later a large package arrived by mail at our Toronto home. It needed no explanation. A package that size meant that the manuscript had been returned — no doubt with kindly regrets. I phoned the Nordheimer Piano Company that I would report next day for duty and then, with a fury of frustration, I cut the throat of the big package.

Believe it or not — they were printers' proofs. In a most cordial letter the publishers said that they would bring it out as a book, and also run it serially in Chambers's Journal. And would I like an advance payment? Glory, glory Hallelujah! Good-bye to my good friends at Nordheimer's. Good-bye to Toronto. It was sad to leave my sister and my widowed mother, but they knew it had to be.

So I wired the Beaver in London, and he replied with a typical telegram: Come at your own risk. And thus I went to London, never to live in Canada again although I was to revisit it many times.

There are times when ignorance has an advantage over experience. In fact it has been said that all experience is a form of fatigue. Thus in the aftermath of the 1914-18 war the British newspapers were trying to get back to the world that had been instead of the world that was.

Beaverbrook was not a trained newspaperman but he had a quality of genius. He also had many other qualities, deep prejudices and all sorts of enthusiasms. He spared neither his opponents nor his colleagues and by the gods we turned night into day, and day into night. To the embarrassment of many Englishmen we beat the Empire drum on all possible and even impossible occasions. One thing wholly admirable was the Beaver's refusal to publish pornography. We did some rough things, but we never exploited sex and its vagaries.

But men who will stay together in

adversity often draw apart when success comes. Gradually the Beaver and I got on each other's nerves despite a mutual affection that exists to this day. So I walked out of Fleet Street and joined a big cinema corporation at the pleasant salary of £10,000 a year. This was a mistake — one of many in my career. I was glad when it came to an end, even if my future seemed puzzling and shadowed.

Then there came into my life a partnership (and friendship) that was to last many years. Lord Kemsley offered me £10,000 a year to write for his newspaper group (now owned by Roy Thomson) and act as editorial adviser. In the Hitler war we parted and Beaverbrook appointed me controller of aircraft factory co-operation — at a salary of £1 a year.

This was an unforgettable experience. Our goal was to keep the aircraft workers at full effort for twelve hours a day or twelve hours a night for six days of the week. We knew that eventually the sheer fatigue would make such an effort physically impossible. We would take young pilots from the battle to the factories and there they would plead for the workers to give them the machines. In fact there was so small a margin that some machines were flown into battle without having been tested — but it had to be.

In 1935 I had entered Parliament and in a casual conversation with Napier Moore he suggested that I should write a London Letter for Maclean's. Thus there began an association that was to make publishing history, and keep me in touch with my beloved Canada.

Let me frankly confess that almost from the beginning of the feature there were fellow Canadians who regarded the feature as nothing more than a name-dropping procession of titled and famous people. It was difficult to convince them that London is a village as well as a metropolis and those of us who live in the village know pretty well everybody else. There is no snobbery in the village of London and the rich prizes are open to all.

The London Letter spread to Australia, South Africa and New Zealand after it had first appeared in Maclean's. Perhaps in the distant future those Letters from London will throw some light on the story of Great Britain in those years of peace and of war.

It had many pleasant and heart-warming reactions. In the tourist season in London, Canadian visitors by the hundreds sent their cards in to me at the House of Commons with a request for "two good seats." It was not always possible to get them into the gallery, but it was a pleasure to take them round the great old Palace of Westminster and tell the tale of great events in the history of a great people.

New and younger men must be given their chance, and I look forward to enjoying the writings of the younger Maclean's correspondents who will tell the story of England and Europe from fortnight to fortnight. But let me warn you that I shall appear in the magazine from time to time when events and the spirit move me.

So let these be my last words for the time being. It was a privilege to be a guest in your homes, even though I was far across the sea. If I have given some pleasure to you, if I have made the British Isles more understandable, if I have translated the spirit of a mighty people to you in Canada, it has been a privilege and it will remain in my heart to the end of the story. ★



Is the U.S. talking itself into hot war? continued from page 10

Each of the services has its own public relations staff plugging its own weapons

campaign to scare or enlighten the taxpayers much as the manufacturers of consumer goods look on advertising and sales campaigns to increase the demand for washing machines or television sets.

Apart from the over-all campaign, here are independent campaigns. Each branch of the forces has its own public relations staff striving to so manipulate public opinion that it will get more and better weapons than other branches. It's a standing joke among Washington correspondents that reports of unidentified submarines lurking off the U.S. coast often coincide with the consideration of naval estimates by Congress.

Like the army, navy and air force, the aircraft plants, missile-makers, shipyards and other divisions of defense industry are all vying for a bigger bite of the tax dollar and all have brigades of press agents. These press agents doggedly try to persuade newspaper and magazine writers to write articles about specific weapons. They entertain lavishly, sometimes offer correspondents expense-paid junkets to plants or testing grounds, and swamp them with publicity releases. Their refrain is that the weapon they represent is the one that can save America from the peril of Communist aggression.

Most of them manage to get enough material into the press to satisfy their employers that they are worth their pay. But, by and large, they are less successful than the public relations staffs of the armed forces, particularly that of the air force.

The air force neglects no opportunity. For instance, it knows that luncheon clubs in small communities have difficulty finding speakers, and will assign a bomber crew with operational gear to entertain such a club. One of the crew is invariably a trained speaker who explains how vital the air force is to the preservation of the American way of life.

"If the air force wants something, we can't get it simply by asking for it," Captain Dennis McClendon, an information officer, admits with engaging candor. "We have to sell the idea." One of his early chores was selling the idea of supersonic aircraft. Farmers complained that the jets would stop corn from growing, hens from laying, cows from calving. McClendon and his fellow information officers traveled up and down the U.S. saying this was nonsense—which it was—and preparing taxpayers for a supersonic budget. After supersonic aircraft, they sold missiles.

"Missiles," says McClendon, "are the easiest weapons to find money for now. It is increasingly difficult to sell manned aircraft, although we tell people that you just can't hew to one line—that's Maginot Line thinking."

He and his colleagues are looking years ahead. Their immediate goal is to sell the public the B-70 Valkyrie, an appallingly expensive aircraft that cruises at more than two thousand miles an hour at an altitude of more than seventy thousand feet and will have to be made of stainless steel instead of aluminum because it goes beyond the heat barrier.

After the Valkyrie, they hope to sell space warning systems, the prototype of which, the two-and-a-half-ton Midas, is now in orbit. Then, as McClendon sees it, will come the job of selling operation-

al space systems—satellites from which an attack could be launched.

Since the expenditures of these weapons are so enormous that they would strike a nation expecting peace as utter lunacy, salesmen like McClendon must

convince Americans that a hot war may be lurking around the corner.

In this they are abetted by newspapers like those of the Hearst and Scripps-Howard chains and the Chicago Tribune and its New York affiliate, the Daily

News. They print stuff that is startling to anybody accustomed to reading the quieter newspapers of Canada. In May the Daily News referred to Khrushchev as "that rat." A columnist named Richard Starnes, writing in the New York

"What a chump I was...a simple phone call for reservations and the kids would have been in bed long ago. I'll sure phone ahead next trip."



LONG DISTANCE gives you so much for so little

For instance, last night after 6 p.m., Bill could have called 300 miles ahead for only \$1.20 for 3 minutes.

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TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Canada's major telephone companies, united to send your voice across Canada, around the world.



PETER WHITTALL says:
**"I use "Pentox"
 because I'm lazy"**

"Building a fence, garden furniture or new porch steps is hard work," says TV's popular "Mr. Fix-it" (Peter Whittall). "That's why exterior wood around our house always gets a coat of PENTOX Wood Preserver-Primer-Sealer before paint. I heartily recommend it for boats, wharves and cabins, too! It's been proved that PENTOX makes wood last 3 to 5 times longer. Being lazy at heart, PENTOX saves me a heck of a lot of future repair work!"

Take Mr. Fix-it's advice. Always use PENTOX before you paint. It costs less than the primer coat it saves. Available at hardware stores and lumber dealers across Canada.

Canada's
 most popular
 wood preservative



World-Telegram & Sun, dubbed Khrushchev "Old No Neck." In France, after the ill-fated summit meeting, Khrushchev visited a farm and was interviewed in the barnyard. Starnes said it was fitting he had spoken "from the summit of a manure pile." Ironically, the tenor of Starnes' column was that Khrushchev had proved himself an uncouth peasant by his personal abuse of Eisenhower.

Many of the U.S. radio and television commentators, notably those on local stations, are more unrestrained than the papers. Their chief stock in trade seems to be the vituperation they pour forth at Khrushchev, the Soviet Union and mainland China. Their refrain is that Americans are in dire peril from Communists within and without.

This is also the theme of innumerable television dramas—dramas in which an American hero outwits and outfights a crafty and vicious Russian or Chinese villain.

I asked Marya Mannes, one of New York's most brilliant critics, whether the recurrent presentation of Communists as TV villains was a deliberate phase of a despise-the-Communists movement.

"No," she said, "I wouldn't say there was a conspiracy. It's accidental—a result of the new tolerance. TV writers aren't allowed to put in their scripts a villain who belongs to a minority group—no Negroes, no Italians, no Puerto Ricans, no Catholics, no Jews. So, on TV, we have enemy villains—the Russians and the Chinese. And the Chinese must be plainly identified as mainland Chinese, not Chinese from Formosa. If the villains are not Russians or Chinese, they have to be WASPs—white Anglo-Saxon Protestants—who are not organized and seldom protest."

The coincidence that Communists are the only acceptable villains left for TV writers does the military propagandists no harm with the mass of Americans. And they delight the men whose most articulate spokesman is Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee and author of *The Conscience of a Conservative*. In this book, published this year, he charges that the United Nations is an instrument of the Communists and that the U.S. suspended the testing of nuclear weapons because of "Communist-induced hysteria on the subject of radioactive fallout." His book is packed with statements like these:

"A tolerable peace . . . must follow victory over communism . . . If possible, overt hostilities should always be avoided; especially is this so when a shooting war may cause the death of many millions of people, including our own. But we cannot, for that reason, make the avoidance of a shooting war our chief objective."

If Goldwater sounds like an echo of Joe McCarthy, his voice is one in a large chorus, for McCarthyism didn't die with McCarthy. McCarthy's imitators or disciples are not so blatant and reckless as the renowned Wisconsin witch-hunter, but they do manage to contribute their share to the propaganda that abrades American nerves. Among them are such ridiculous creatures as Lincoln Rockwell, founder of the American Party, which is subtitled the White Man's Party. He wears a Hitler-style uniform and has pictures of Hitler hanging on the walls of his headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, a Washington suburb. At present he is urging his followers to "work, fight and vote for Nixon."

But among those who are walking in the footsteps of McCarthy, there are also men of considerable stature, like Senator

Thomas Dodd of Connecticut. He has lately done his best to discredit a mass meeting that the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy held in Madison Square Garden in New York in mid-May.

The Garden was jammed with Americans who bought seats at from \$1 to \$10, and loudspeakers carried the addresses to an overflow of hundreds who stood outside in Forty-Ninth Street. Eleanor Roosevelt, Alfred M. Landon (the former governor of Kansas who was the Republican presidential candidate in 1936), Governor Mennen Williams of Michigan and others spoke of the disastrous genetic effects a resumption of atomic tests might have and the universal ruin that would be wrought by nuclear war. Afterwards the thousands who streamed out of the Garden were joined by the hundreds who had listened in the street and they all paraded to the United Nations Plaza.

A few days later Senator Dodd proclaimed from the floor of the Senate that the meeting had been organized by a Communist, that the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy had been heavily infiltrated by Communists, and that the purpose of these Communists was to turn it into "a pressure instrument in support of Soviet nuclear diplomacy."

The Goldwaters and the Dodds hotly oppose the cessation of atomic tests and imply that to be afraid of radioactive fallout is to be un-American.

They say the agitation for a permanent ban on tests stems from Communists acting under orders from the Kremlin. They argue that if Americans agreed to such a ban, they would abide by their agreement, but the Russians would cheat, which would enable the Russians to gain a fatal advantage.

Americans who admire and respect the Goldwaters and Dodds—and they represent a substantial part of the population—are torn between two fires. They are afraid of fallout from tests, but also afraid that unless tests are resumed they'll be enslaved by the Russians.

Anti-Communist leaders realize how their followers feel and try to comfort them by quoting scientists like Dr. Herman Kahn, a nuclear fission expert who testified in Washington that the United States might be able to recuperate from nuclear war in as little as five to fifteen years, and that even though the genetic effects "may last for a thousand years, the burden of any single generation should only be a fractional increase over the current normal burden of congenital defects."

Americans who have heard the semi-official estimate that stockpiles of atomic bombs in Russia and the U.S. have an explosive power equal to that of ten tons of TNT for every man, woman and child in the world are not wholly reassured by such cold-blooded statements as Kahn's. Nor are those who know that each operational bomber, including those based in Canada, carries a bomb load more powerful than all the bombs dropped during the 1939-45 war put together, not excluding the two atomic bombs dropped on Japan. Nor, for that matter, are those familiar with the estimate that in a one-day nuclear war 19,700,000 Americans would be killed, 22,200,000 would be so severely injured they would die, and 17,200,000 would be injured but would recover. Yet the more militant anti-Communists and the cold warriors of the Pentagon offer these figures as proof that nuclear war wouldn't be the end of history.



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Sometimes the armed forces, the Goldwaters and the Dodds sound as though they had the same scriptwriter.

As a case in point there was a training manual, prepared in Texas by a civilian employee of the air force and presumably approved at the Pentagon, which declared that communism is rampant in U.S. Protestant churches. An indignant outcry from Protestant clergymen caused the air force to withdraw the manual from circulation.

As another case in point, there was the Buddy system—an order issued by an air force officer in the Middle West that instructed each man to report regularly on another man's drinking, girlfriends and finances. The Buddy system, cancelled after a storm of protests, was intended to weed out men who, because of their habits, were poor security risks and might betray secrets to the Communists. While it was a flop, it was symptomatic of a fairly widespread state of mind.

Also symptomatic are organizations like the Committee of One Million, which has an office in New York, a letterhead that lists a prize assortment of distinguished Americans as directors, and is dedicated to the proposition that so long as China is ruled by Communists it must never be granted diplomatic recognition by the U.S. or admitted to the United Nations. A mild-mannered pleasant man named Marvin Liebman, secretary of the Committee of One Million, told me its members feel it would be "immoral to recognize a government that holds 600,000,000 Chinese in slavery." He said all the reasons we had for being nasty to Hitler in the 1930s, and ignorant to our sorrow, are applicable today to China's Communist regime.

The Committee of One Million is one of scores of anti-Communist organizations supported by contributions from the public—organizations that all, in their quest for funds, strum America's nerves by playing up the Communist threat. One of the largest of these outfits is Radio Free Europe, which has imposing offices on the twenty-fifth floor at 2 Park Avenue, in New York. The fund-raising parent body of Radio Free Europe is the Crusade for Freedom, which holds a state charter as a non-profit corporation. Radio Free Europe broadcasts news every hour on the hour for eighteen hours a day to Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland and for six hours a day to Rumania and Bulgaria. Besides short-wave facilities in the U.S. it has twenty-one studios and sixteen control rooms in West Germany. It has ten news bureaus, in cities like Paris, London, Bonn, Frankfurt and Rome, and nearly two thousand employees. It does not broadcast to Russia because Radio Liberation, also supported by contributions from the public, has Russia staked out as its own. Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberation contend that, because they're supported by millions of private citizens, they can gain the confidence of the common people in the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. I tried to find how much money Radio Free Europe spent a year but was told by the press relations officer that the information wasn't revealed because "we don't want the Communists to draw conclusions from our figures." The Voice of America, the U.S. government's foreign broadcasting system, has no such qualms. It has an annual budget of \$17,000,000, sixteen hundred employees, and broadcasts in thirty-seven languages from seventy-eight transmitters, one of them aboard a cutter anchored in the Mediterranean.

The cost of the Voice indicates that

Radio Free Europe must have a budget of more than \$10,000,000.

Even in the United States such an amount isn't collected without persuasion. In its TV and radio commercials and printed advertising in the U.S., Radio Free Europe constantly drums into Americans the message that to protect their own freedom their mission must be to liberate the peoples enslaved by the Communists. This is a minor puff in the gale of propaganda. And the gale has the jittery segment of the American population preparing for the worst.

A new supermarket on Long Island stands on an air-raid shelter that will hold five thousand. A company in the New York area that makes Tornado swimming pools and fences has added

I SHOULD LIVE THAT LONG

"The school work they pile on kids these days! Did we have it soft when I was a boy?"

"So what if everything costs twice as much? After all, I'm making more than twice as much dough."

"I'm sorry, officer. It just never entered my head that this highway would be patrolled at this time of night."

"I can stand the humidity all right. It's this blasted hot weather that gets me."

"You don't agree he's a funny comedian? Well, I guess you never will, because in my opinion this is by far the best show he's put on yet."

"My play closed after three performances because every critic in town panned it. Well, after all, who'd know better than they?"

"Such a set of directions for assembling this gadget! They're so clearly written that *nobody* could go wrong."

"I had it coming to me, ma. I was teasing him."

"I'd have had a 97 instead of a 95, if I hadn't been lucky on the 10th hole."

PARKE CUMMINGS

family fallout shelters to its line and offers a package deal—pool, fence and shelter at reduced prices.

Somebody tried to peddle canned water for shelters, to be used if an atomic attack pulverized the municipal water system. Not enough Americans were quite frightened enough to buy it, although a lot of them are frightened enough to build home shelters and would disagree violently with Canada's former civil defense co-ordinator, Major-General George Hatton, Liberal leader Lester Pearson, and the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities. When Defense Minister George Pearkes proposed fallout shelters for Canada last October, Hatton snapped "absolute nonsense," Pearson said "negative concept" and the Federation of Mayors passed a resolution deplored Pearkes' suggestion.

Last month Prime Minister Diefenbaker tabled in Parliament a copy of a pamphlet being distributed to Canadians by the government, entitled Your Basement Fallout Shelter. Three days later the Toronto Globe and Mail, which often supports the prime minister, used the pamphlet as the theme of a cartoon lampooning him. While Canadians, or most of them, continue to be indifferent to civil defense, Americans are taking civil defense more and more seriously. At 2:15 p.m. on May 3, an air-raid alert was sounded in New York. Manhattan's traffic braked to a stop and Manhattan's millions scurried for cover. In downtown

New York they squeezed into scores of emergency shelters. Thirty-five New Yorkers who ignored the alert were picked up by police. Twenty-six were sentenced to five days in jail.

A couple of weeks later, at the New York State Civil Defense Commission offices in New York, I attended a briefing of insurance executives by General Anthony McAuliffe, director of the commission, Lieutenant-General C. R. Huebner, executive officer of the commission, and a handful of colonels and majors. It was a chilling experience. The officers estimated, as matter-of-factly as accountants reading a balance sheet, that the casualties from a nuclear missile attack on target cities in New York State would reach 9,200,000 dead and 1,240,000 wounded. Fallout shelters of the kind Governor Rockefeller advocates for everybody would, they said, reduce the number of victims to a fraction of what they would otherwise be.

With maps, charts and slides, they showed the insurance men how the \$12,000,000,000 U.S. air-raid warning machinery works and predicted that the luckier people would have thirteen minutes to dive into shelters.

Then General Huebner switched on a tape recorder. There was the sound of an orchestra playing White Christmas in the background, while in the foreground a man rattled a newspaper and said to his wife, "The news is bad." At that moment the orchestra stopped playing and a radio announcer said, "We interrupt this program at the request of your government. Turn to Conelrad." Conelrad is either of two wavelengths reserved for the use of the government during air raids.

"Have you got the basement shelter prepared?" the husband asked his wife.

"Yes, thank heavens. We can stay two weeks in the basement if necessary."

"Bring the children from the playroom."

Announcer: "The United States has been subjected to an enemy attack. The country has been hit by several missiles. Radiation is spreading. Remain in your shelters."

General Huebner switched off the tape recorder. "This," he said, "will be the first intimation you'll have of war. You'll be listening to radio or watching television and suddenly the announcement will come."

He and General McAuliffe explained that individuals will be responsible for their own survival for the first two weeks after an attack, that the state in which they live will look after them for the next two weeks, and that the federal government will come to the rescue in the fifth week.

I noticed that neither Huebner nor McAuliffe said if there is a nuclear attack. They said when. They used will, not may. No qualifying words or phrases.

They sounded convinced that nuclear war must be faced sooner or later—a conviction shared by a growing number of Americans. Are they too nervous, too pessimistic, too steamed up by propaganda? Or are Canadians inviting disaster by being calm, unruffled, complacent? Is Canada's sense of security on a par with that which European countries, soon to be overrun by the Nazis, had in 1939 on the eve of war?

The answer is locked in the time vault of the future, but one thing is certain. The atmosphere in the U.S. in 1960 is far more highly charged with worry and tension than the atmosphere in Canada, and, to Americans, the cold war is a real war, not a picturesque label for an inferior and perhaps temporary peace. ★

"I'm Not
looking back
-ever!"



"From now on, I'm using Tampax regularly."

"I changed to it this summer—for the same reason millions did—you can swim wearing Tampax!"

"But I found it had so many advantages when I was out of the water that I'm not giving it up—ever!"

"Lack of odor, for example."

"Coolness. Comfort. Poise. Security. It's just nicer not to be aware of any sanitary protection when it's time-of-the-month."

"I like the internal kind. Like Tampax. Year in, year out, from now on!"

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You should really give Tampax a try. Applicator makes insertion easy. Three absorbency sizes to fit your needs (Regular, Super, Junior). Available wherever such products are sold. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.





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flexes less, runs cooler, keeps you safer, even in dangerous summer heat! Ordinary tires flex 700 times per mile as they roll along the highway under the tremendous weight of your car. In summertime, this continuous flexing, especially at top

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"Low Profile" Dominion Royal Master is specially designed and styled to keep pace with the requirements of modern day driving.

Be Safe... Be Sure... Buy

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"Low Profile" is Dominion Rubber's trade mark for its new design tire.

Parade

How to strike it rich in a gopher hole

The fourteen-year-old son of a Prairie farm family recently moved to Edmonton found the city confining, and headed for the outskirts one Saturday for a leg-stretching hike. As any Prairie youth naturally would, he snared a few gophers just for the fun of it and took them home. To his astonishment his new city-slicker pals acted as though they'd never seen a gopher before and he soon cleared out his catch at twenty-five cents a head. Back to the land he went on Sunday and so great was the demand for his second bag he sold some of the novel pets for a dollar. Biggest new cash crop to hit the Prairies since they struck oil.

* * *

A woman asked the ticket seller in the Ontario Northland Railway station at Timmins if she could post a Toronto letter on the train waiting by the platform, and he told her there was a flap on the side of the mail car. Not until too late did he look out and notice she'd stuck it under the flap cover of the fuel tank on the diesel engine. The mail went through, though; the fellow doing the refueling at North Bay found it and put it in the right slot.

* * *

A Winnipegger was slouched against the rain, miserably waiting for a Don't Walk sign to change to Walk and miserably wondering to himself why he was so law abiding when there wasn't a car for a block. Then a gray-haired lady splashed past him and scuttled across the

An American car pulled up in Lake Louise, Alta., and a travel-weary couple emerged, map in hand. "Well, we've done Jasper and Banff," the woman was overheard saying to her husband. "Tomorrow it will be Lake Louise." A bystander couldn't help explaining. "This is Lake Louise." Without a word the American traveler fished a pencil from



her purse, licked the point and put a firm tick on the map. Then she followed her husband back into the car and they drove off.

* * *

The Prairies have always provided a good harvest for the Navy when it's recruiting seahands, so this classified advertiser undoubtedly knew what he was doing running his notice in the Winnipeg Tribune:

"Attention — 2 years South Pacific cruise aboard broken-down but seaworthy ship. Qualifications of interested persons: unhappy, intelligent, lazy, healthy, adventurous, resourceful . . ."

* * *

During heavy rains in a suburb east of Toronto, one resigned householder hung a sign on his badly stained recreation-room wall: "Through these walls pass the finest spring waters in the world."

* * *

Sign in a coffee-shop window on Vancouver's Granville St.: "Under former management."

* * *

The gang had gathered at the swimming hole near Port Lorne, N.S., and one of the bigger boys was cautiously testing the cold water when his little brother threw a stone and splashed him. Big brother took after little brother and walloped him on the shoulder. The little guy fled, shouting, "You just wait until I get farther away, Stanley, and I'm gonna swear at you!"

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.



This is the spirit—this is the *life!* And today you've a drink to go with it! Try a cold glass of Labatt's 50... smooth and bright and easy to take, and *alive* with the life you want in an ale.

Labatt's 50

Labatt's—a family affair since 1828

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**COKE MEANS ONLY COCA-COLA...
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